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A Saturday Review of Politics, Literature, Society, and Art.

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Contents of No. CLII.

"On to Richmond,"	409	Golden Thoughts from Golden Foun-	
The Anti-Classic Reform,	409	tains,	417
Mr. Dickens's Readings,	410	The Lovers' Dictionary,	417
Rinkomania,	411	Pieces of a Broken-down Critic, .	417
Mr. Greeley's Mission,	412	Ye Legende of St. Gwendoline, .	418
CORRESPONDENCE:		Vivien,	418
Dickens in Boston,	412	Faye Mar of Storm Cliff,	418
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR		The Story of Waldemar Krone's Youth,	418
Democracy, Carlyle, and Whitman, .	413	The Handy-Volume Shakespeare, .	418
REVIEWS:		A New System of Infantry Tactics, .	418
New Books of Travel,	414	Mrs. Putnam's Receipt Book and Young	
Christmas Books for Children, . .	416	Housekeeper's Assistant,	418
Medieval Hymns,	417	Putnam's Magazine,	418
Christian Lyrics,	417	BOOKS RECEIVED,	419
		LITERARIANA,	419

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1867.

"ON TO RICHMOND!"

THE TRIBUNE is in a fever to get to specie payments by a very short cut. Its symptoms vary so far as to give to its complexion one day a golden hue and the next day to leave no tinge of yellow. The fever, however, never intermits. The patient burns always for immediate specie payments, sometimes with gold in his eyes, sometimes without. His cries alternate between specie payments by means of coin and specie payments without the use of coin. Every other day *The Tribune* scolds the Secretary of the Treasury because, having seventy millions of coin in hand, he does not attempt to sustain his legal-tender notes at par by offering to pay them on demand; tells him not to be afraid; that he has plenty of gold, and if he only offers to pay no one will ask for pay, and so his coin will all remain where it is—in the Treasury. On the intermediate days it tells him it is very wicked of him to let any coin at all remain in the Treasury. One day its short cut to the Richmond of specie payments is this, Keep your gold and with it sustain the value of your notes now in circulation. The next day the road it points out is, Throw away all your gold and let the notes take care of themselves.

It once thought the road to Richmond very short and very smooth; but then it had in its eye but one course—that which led direct to Bull Run. It thought old Scott very foolish to pore over his musty maps and hesitate because Bull Run was laid down by the topographical corps. If there had been no maps, no one—not even the enemy—would have found out there was any such place as Bull Run. In fact, but for the maps there would have been no such place—at least not till after a certain disastrous retreat, and then it might possibly have been called by some other name. So, but for the maps it is very unlikely that Bull Run would have had an existence. But for the maps cautious old Scott would not have been afraid. *The Tribune* did not study the maps; it rarely studies anything; and so *The Tribune* in those days was not afraid—until afterward.

To *The Tribune* knowledge on all subjects seems to come, like Dogberry's reading and writing, by nature. The study of the past, reflection, thought, are all proper for those who do not know and who need to learn, but these are useless to a natural born philosopher, whether he is dealing with battles, finance, constitutions, or morals. Facts are indifferent to those born to the love of wisdom; so *The Tribune*, on the days when it is arguing for paying specie without specie, says that every heavy disbursement of coin by the Treasury has been attended by a fall in the price of gold. When, at the time of the panic in England last year, the Treasury sold nearly all its coin, over thirty millions in a fortnight, the price of gold changed suddenly from one hundred and thirty premium to one hundred and sixty. It may be *The Tribune* thinks when the price of gold goes from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and sixty that the premium is falling; it has its own definition of the words rise and fall. It happened, also, that the price of gold did not change to below one hundred and fifty until the Treasury had again well replenished its coffers. Then the price got to be—we will not say fell to—one hundred and forty and less.

When, however, on the off-days, *The Tribune* is arguing for paying specie with specie, then it spurns the old-fashioned doctrine of *meum* and *tuum*. It tells the Secretary he must count as his own not only the coin which belongs to the government, but many millions that belong to somebody else. It published a table a few days ago to prove to the Secretary that he had over one hundred millions of coin which he could apply to the payment of his legal-tender notes; to make up which sum it had to include nearly twenty millions of specie for the delivery of which,

in kind, the real owners thereof hold the Treasury's storage receipts. It is as if it had recommended a bankrupt merchant to include in the lists of his own assets, and to hand over to his creditors, goods which his confiding neighbors had put into his warehouse on storage. Of course the men who owned the goods in such a case would remove them as soon as possible; and so the owners of the twenty millions of deposited coin, when they find their storage receipts likely to be put on the same footing with the ordinary promissory notes of the government, will hasten to take away their property and put it into some place of safer keeping.

The Treasury has not now seventy millions of coin on hand applicable to the payment of the legal-tender circulation, for the principal of certain gold bonds comes due on the first of January next and neither Walrusia nor St. Thomas are yet paid for. With a stock of coin reduced to about fifty millions when those claims are paid, *The Tribune* proposes, on its golden days, that the Secretary shall boldly offer to redeem on demand four hundred millions of legal-tender notes. Now, in this sum of four hundred millions are included thirty millions of fractional currency. How long does *The Tribune* think the people will be content to deal with this filthy trash after the Treasury offers to give them clean silver in exchange for it? Admitting one-third of this kind of paper to have been destroyed, twenty millions of coin at least will be withdrawn from the Treasury so soon as clean money is offered for it without cost. From all parts of the country it will rush in; the people will be glad to sell it to the brokers at a slight discount for silver, and the brokers will forward it to the Treasury by the fastest express lines. Again, it must not be supposed that our people have forgotten the comfortable feel and look of gold in their pockets; their deprivation of it, in every-day use, for the last six years will stimulate a desire in every one to secure a little when suddenly they find it can be had at no cost. If this desire should be equal in the aggregate to one dollar per head, the remaining thirty millions in the Treasury would disappear in a week and the price of gold would fly up, as it did when the Treasury was emptied at the time of the panic in England, to one hundred and sixty—more likely to two hundred. We have not counted the rush that would be made by shrewd men, bankers and banks holding large amounts of legal-tender currency, who would have no faith that the Treasury could hold out with so slender a stock of coin. For the Treasury to resume with safety, now, it must have a much larger stock of coin than it would need if specie payments had never been suspended.

It is singular how prone men are to believe that the credit of the government is not subject to the same laws which regulate private credit. *The Tribune*, Mr. Morrill, and Mr. Thaddeus Stevens cannot understand why millions of notes of the government, payable on demand but none of them ever paid, should not be just as good as gold; nor why, if the government should merely offer to pay them, though evidently without the means to do so, the notes should not at once be freely taken by the people to be as good as gold. They forget that, as Talleyrand says, everybody is wiser than anybody. The combined sense and wisdom of the community will pronounce the legal-tender note to be as good as gold when it is sure to be redeemed in gold on demand under all probable circumstances, and until then the common wisdom will pronounce it to be worth less. Mr. Stevens may pass laws to put down the premium on gold, but until the common sense of the people sees that there ought to be no premium, his laws will be as effectual as laws to punish and put down suicide. Mr. Morrill may, by law, fix a day in the future when specie payments shall be resumed, but unless meantime measures shall have been taken to convince the common sense of the people that the government can go through in its attempt to pay specie, the Treasury will be denuded of coin the first day after his law goes into effect.

Credit is regulated in all cases not by the debtor, but by the creditor. No man can fix the value at which his notes shall sell in Wall street; the rate at which they can be sold is fixed by the common opinion of all Wall Street. So no government can fix the

rate of its own credit. That is fixed by the common sense of the world. When the government can convince the world that its legal-tender notes are just as good as gold they will pass as equivalent thereto, and not till then. To convince the world of this it must do as private debtors do when they would sustain their private credit. It must convince its creditors that it has means enough wherewith to meet all claims as fast as they are likely to be presented.

Conclusive proof that the Treasury is not in a situation, with its present stock of coin, to resume payment and to maintain payment, is found in the simple fact that the common sense of the world to-day values its legal-tender promises to pay a dollar at twenty-five per cent. less than a dollar. When the Treasury is approaching the condition of being able to pay, the world will be shrewd enough to see it and to esteem its notes, although not yet actually paid, at a value much closer to that of the coin promised in them.

THE ANTI-CLASSIC REFORM.

REFORMS akin to those which, within the memory of us all, have transformed baby and common-school instruction, are very certain to be soon demanded in the case of what we term liberal education with such earnestness as must force conservative educationists out of their policy of ignoring the alleged necessity. Nothing can be surer than that, in this country at least, the polite education of fifty years hence will be essentially different from that of to-day, if for no other reason, then, *a priori*, because of the manifest unfitness of preparing men for the greatly enlarged exigencies of life by a system essentially identical with that devised in the entirely different social conditions of two centuries ago. The point chiefly in doubt is the manner of the change, for, if it comes as the result of a struggle between the classicists and the anti-classicists, in which the triumph of the latter is assured, there is danger that they may be irritated into suppressing much in the present system which it is desirable to retain. If, however, the classicists are wise, they may preserve the best features in their system, by making judicious concessions to those who demand that the classics shall neither continue to exclude the studies for which they advance equal claims, nor shall admit them, as on sufferance, merely to second-rate and subordinate positions. We wish these moderate counsels might obtain, and preclude anything like a violent anti-classic revolt and such renaissance extravagances as would probably attend it. For there is—at least we instinctively look for—a kind of refinement and appreciation of the humanities in the man of classical education which we do not expect in the graduate of a scientific school, and which it would be wildly preposterous to look for in the students of a "commercial college,"—and this doubtless would be largely sacrificed by that revolutionary reaction in favor of scientific or "practical" education which, unless we mistake, the classicists can only avert by espousing a liberal policy.

In England they are in this matter so far in advance of us as to have become fairly embroiled in a war of pamphlets, speeches, and essays upon the subject, in which some of the best thought of educated Englishmen is enlisted. One of the most striking contributions yet made to it, and the one, perhaps, which has received most attention here, is the recent speech at Edinburgh of Mr. Robert Lowe—a university man, a brilliant statesman and parliamentary leader, a scholar, above all, who has given, as indeed this speech shows, much thought to the subject of education. With a good deal that he said so eloquently and forcibly—his undue disparagement, as it seems to us, of mathematics, logic, metaphysics—we cannot agree; but his presentment of the classical question is one that deserves the consideration of every one who has to do with it. His argument is, briefly, that, in the limited instruction which the schools can bestow, the present is of more importance than the past, the near than the distant, and hence that, while Latin and Greek are studies of very high importance, the exclusive attention given them is the part of unwisdom. Few of our readers who remember the process—a process, we think now as we did while undergoing it, of wicked cruelty—could withhold their assent to his denunciation of the study of

Latin and Greek grammar in accordance with "the idea of the pedantic mind that nothing can be good for education or good for the discipline of the mind unless it will be utterly useless in future life."

"Language," he said, "is one thing, and grammar another; and I agree with the German wit, Heine, who said, 'How fortunate the Romans were that they had not to learn Latin grammar, because if they had done so they never would have had time to conquer the world.' Montaigne, three hundred years ago, saw this and exposed it in most forcible terms. He pointed out how easy it was to learn Latin with very little grammar, to learn it colloquially; and he tells us how, without the lash and without a tear, he became able to speak, in a short time, as good and as pure Latin as the schoolmaster. But that is not what would answer the purpose. It is said you should discipline the mind; and the boy is put through the torture of elaborate grammars which he is forced to learn by heart, but every word and syllable of which he forgets before he is twenty years of age. There is, I think, a sort of worship of inutility in this matter."

And in this country the inutility is greater than among the class of people whom Mr. Lowe was addressing; for with us a much smaller proportion of those who receive collegiate educations are in after life engaged in pursuits that admit of their deriving any benefit whatever from such acquaintance as they may have gained with classic literature,—rarely a sufficient one to enable them to read ancient authors with ease or pleasure, for we do not believe that any but the most exceptional boy, one possibly in a hundred, even when in the best training, derives any sincere and inartificial enjoyment from his Xenophon or Homer, or afterwards looks back upon them with recollections calculated to efface the impressions of horror and hatred indelibly fixed by the grammar and the infamous bosh about the Greek verb. Unless studied as no school or college in America enables its pupils to study them, the classics have nothing in them that can atone for these barbarisms traditionally handed down from the pedants and pedagogues of centuries ago. How much better than this persistent laying of foundations upon which nobody expects anything to be built, would be the study of a living literature. Latin is of course useful, Greek beautiful, and both afford access to literary treasures—for the few who advance far enough to avail themselves of them; but, to return to Mr. Lowe again, "what could be more beautiful, what more refined, what more calculated to exercise the taste and all the faculties of a person, than the study of French prose carried to such perfection as it is carried by M. Prévost-Paradol, Sainte-Beuve, or the great masters of that language? We have nothing like it in English—nothing approaching that exquisite finish and polish; and if a man wishes to exercise his mind in these things, he could not have a better subject to exercise it upon than French prose." We may go further than this—further, perhaps, than Mr. Lowe could go in addressing an English audience—and say with some assurance that college-bred Americans by the hundred to one would gladly exchange their unprofitable Greek for access to the vast erudition and the numerous branches of directly useful enquiry to which German affords the only key. As to relative capabilities for culture and mental discipline—the strongest buttress of the exaggerated gaudiness in which the classics are held—there is no possible reason why equal results should not attend an equally faithful study of Early English, of German, of French, of Italian—literatures which have either grown up or secured recognition since the pedantic school was formed, and which have in addition to the full benefit of any other lingual study the further ones to which we have adverted—that they introduce their students to the life of the world in which they live and of the generations which have led up to it, and their qualification for tracing investigations that are now sealed by an unknown tongue. It would, of course, be well if we could have all; but why must that majority of us which is compelled to make an election be restricted to Virgil and Horace, Homer and Euripides, under penalty of foregoing Dante and Petrarch, Racine and Molière, Goethe and Jean Paul, Chaucer and Spenser, Ben Jonson and Massinger? To the classicists such a proposition may seem vandalic and abhorrent; but before they proceed to pronounce upon its expediency, they should be made to show their capacity for judgement by proving an ability to appreciate Lessing and Schiller, Corneille and Sainte-Beuve, Beaumont and Fletcher and Matthew Arnold, not inferior to that they devote to their favorite classics—a

knowledge of the literature of Queen Elizabeth's and Queen Anne's reigns equal to that of the dramatists and poets of Greece and Rome.

Upon the study of history—about which whatever we know that is worth knowing most of us have acquired in such chance time as we could snatch from active duties, after our school and college life was done,—upon the exaltation of ancient history Mr. Lowe dwelt with especial force. Granting its attractions and its value, he showed wherein it was essentially inferior to modern history.

"Ancient history," he said, "has but two phrases—the one is a monarchy, the other is a municipality. The notion of a large community existing by virtue of the principle of representation, of a popular government extended beyond the limits of a single town, is a thing that never entered into the minds of the ancients. So that the best years of our lives are spent in studying a history in which that which makes the difference between modern history and ancient, the leading characteristic of our society, the principle of representation, which has made it possible in some degree to reconcile the existence of a large country with the existence of a certain amount of freedom, was utterly unknown. . . . If a man has a competent knowledge of modern and medieval history, it is most valuable, undoubtedly, that he should have a knowledge of the history of those ancient communities, so as to compare the one with the other; but if he has not a knowledge of modern history, what avails the other? He has not the means of comparison, and the study becomes fruitless and needless. . . . We are dosed with the antiquity of the ancients. We are expected to know how many archons there were at Athens, though we probably do not know how many Lords of the Treasury there are in London. The pupil must know all about their courts, though he hardly knows the names of his own. He must be dosed with the laws and institutions of the ancients, things exceedingly repulsive to the youthful mind, and things only valuable for comparison with our own institutions, of which institutions he is kept in profound ignorance."

To statements of this kind the classicists are wont to rejoin with impatience, even with petulance, that these things are designed but as preparations for education,—although they know very well that in this busy country but few of their pupils will have either opportunity or disposition to go further, and although there is good ground for doubt whether in general even the preceptors could sustain themselves beyond the region of their routine. Aside from this is the point, not touched by Mr. Lowe, and possibly peculiar to American instruction, that as ancient history is studied here, a barren array of names and dates and the dry bones of history, the average boy is not only thoroughly disgusted with it, but so strongly impressed with the unprofitableness of the whole affair as to acquire a contempt for history of every kind and an ineradicable indisposition to take any pains to familiarize himself with it. So far as our own observation has gone, we doubt whether there is any intelligent class in our community, from the grade of the better mechanics upward, and not excepting women, that knows less of national and political affairs, that cares less for the life of the world at large, that more rarely looks into a newspaper than the college student. And this we hold to be directly attributable to the influence of the exaggerated importance they find given to the past above the present. It is of course utter folly to cram with the deeds of either Brutus boys who know nothing about Mazzini and Garibaldi; to instruct in the revolts against the Roman agrarian laws those who have never heard of the English Anti-Corn-Law-League; to lead them through Cæsar's *Commentaries* upon the ancient Roman conquest of Gaul, while they are entirely unsuspecting of the present Gallic protectorate of Rome; and leave them with an etymological conviction, if the matter ever occurs to them, that the Ultramontanists are the inhabitants of trans-Alpine Gaul. But, beyond all this, the truth ought before now to have dawned upon the people who have charge of higher education, that it ought to have some sort of application to the probable positions in after life of those who receive it. In our country, where students are not members of a class apart from the people, there is greater unfitness than in England in affording them only studies which tend to social divisions through divergent tastes and sympathies. To prepare men for practical and professional life is the duty of our colleges, and nothing could be more conducive to this than a rational study of history. Yet they are sending out graduates densely ignorant of the history and growth of our own nation; possible statesmen, lawyers, clergymen, ignorant of the lessons of history upon all the matters wherewith they must deal, and forced to learn for themselves by the painful process of experience, renewing, instead of knowing and avoiding, the blunders of other ages

and peoples. We have them to thank in no small degree for the present absolute popular ignorance on the subject of finance, and for the recent stultification of the college-bred clergy who, in their ignorance of all the lessons of the past, essayed anew the folly of sumptuary legislation. From such considerations we should gladly see introduced into our colleges the study of not merely modern but actually contemporary history as week by week it makes itself, in the manner we have before suggested for common schools, and with it—not parallel with, but in actual connection with it—the geography of the same subjects, which is the only profitable way of studying political geography at all.

The schools, of course, cannot put into us complete knowledge on all the subjects with which we shall practically have to do. The utmost we can demand of them—and this we have a right to demand—is that they shall give us the mental discipline and training, the foundations and intellectual appliances, the means as well as the tastes, which educated men are likely to need. All of these requirements the modern languages satisfy as well, some of them better, than the dead; so that there is no reason why, in Mr. Lowe's words, "with such a history as ours, and with such literature as ours—with such a literature as modern Europe spreads before us—we should turn aside from this rich banquet, and content ourselves with gnawing at the dry and moldy crust of a language and civilization that have passed away upward of two thousand years ago." Nor have we the excuse which, apart from the different social relations and obligations, and, we may add, the different temptations in the attainable quality of scholarship, exists in England. There the conditions of endowments and foundations which date back to a time when the classics were the only distinctive feature of a polite education, maintain their supremacy now and obstruct reform. Here the classics are maintained by no such circumstances, but we adopted them and adhere to them in sheer unreasoning imitation of the English example. Unfortunately, however, here as there, the classicists practically control education. Having monopolized the highest room at the feast, and retained it until in their own view they have established a claim upon it, they have on the one hand no mind to retreat with shame to a lower place or to admit to an equal footing with themselves those they have held in light esteem, and on the other a consciousness that they dare not admit to an unrestrained competition with their cherished pursuits other studies that would destroy their supremacy. Human vanity, we fear, will retard till concessions become unavailing a step which the classicists might now take gracefully—in all which, were their historical reading of the sort we have advised, we might refer them to the story of the Stuarts.

MR. DICKENS'S READINGS.

PEOPLE who have been through a long course of sight-seeing, and who have some slight notion of the requirements of dramatic art, are apt to shudder at the bare idea of going, as an entertainment, to listen to a monologue. The number of individuals who imagine themselves clever enough or funny enough to amuse an audience single-handed is so dismally disproportioned to the number who in fact succeed in doing so, that apprehension stiffens almost into certainty before each fresh experiment is witnessed. When we remember how few there are who can even tell a five-minutes' story over the dinner-table really well, and then consider that such an effort bears to a public one much the same relation that singing in a parlor does to singing in an opera house, we may cease to wonder that so few "readers" or givers of monologic "entertainments" succeed; but we never quite get over a smouldering sense of injury, a bitter chain of reminiscence, for the succession of intolerable bores who have managed one after another to get us in their power and to inflict upon us long hours of undeserved and unrequited misery. The recollection of these dreadful "recitations" and "imitations" brings caution in time. We learn to refuse to be victimized when men or women of a certain notoriety and uncertain talent flash up as "Shakespearian readers," or obliging donors of "nights with the poets" and the like, twinkle a lit-

tle, delude for a space some of the many who know nothing about it into the idea that they are great "delineators," and tumble into darkness. The discovery comes with experience, if it is not arrived at by any logical processes, that to read really well—that is, to be a master of the art as Turner is of landscape, Burke of rhetoric, or Macaulay of historical description—is a very rare and precious accomplishment. Those who may be said to possess it in a degree to justify such parallels are, then, very few; and we confess that a feeling of surprise mingled with our sincere gratification to discover that on the slender list must certainly be placed the name of Mr. Charles Dickens.

Let us hasten to explain. Mr. Dickens does not come here to discover whether or no he possesses ability either as reader or writer; and whatever claims we might set up as to the critical value of our judgement, we assuredly should not push them so far as to assume or imply that his rank in either vocation is now to be determined or materially affected by any individual. But knowing how great is Mr. Dickens's personal popularity in England, knowing how the humanizing and genial qualities of his nature, shining as they do through every page that he has written, must needs prepossess audiences in his favor, we had imbibed the opinion that the merit of his readings was far more likely to be exaggerated than underestimated, and that consequently his reputation in this respect might safely be accepted with certain grains of allowance. No author that ever lived has been so enormously advertised as Mr. Dickens. His name is, in literal truth, familiar in the mouths of the English people as household words. The intrinsic excellence of the matter he reads, too—full of interest as it is, and fraught with tender and happy associations, reaching back over a quarter of a century—we naturally took into account as likely to engender appreciation of a character apart from a strictly or critically artistic one. An expectation thus grew up in our minds which was probably different from that of the great majority of Mr. Dickens's first New York audiences. They doubtless expected to be very much gratified; we looked to find the performance fall short of the reader's reputation. We frankly acknowledge that we have been most agreeably disappointed. Mr. Dickens, as a reader, is an artist of the very first rank; and to say that his reading of the choicest portions of his own works is actually as fine in its way as the works themselves in theirs, is a compliment at once exceedingly high and richly deserved.

When, on the opening night, Mr. Dickens began to read, and for some time afterward, our preconceived impression was confirmed. The voice was a disappointment. It did not strike us as weak, but as either a voice naturally veiled or one laboring through bronchial difficulties. We are not aware whether this latter was the fact; but presume, as there was subsequently a palpable gain in *timbre* and flexibility, that it was so. It is essentially an English voice, not over-clear and not over-resonant, but slightly foggy, always mellow, and rich in varied and affectionate cadences. People may think in perusing Mr. Dickens's books that he must be a man of large humanity, of forgiving nature, of generous impulses; in hearing him read they know that he must be such a man. This, of course, does not alone make a great artist; but equally of course it goes a long way toward making one. To this general and catholic qualification for his task Mr. Dickens adds special advantages of a high order. He has a lithe and graceful figure, action of singular ease and felicity, a remarkably expressive eye, and a mobility of the facial muscles which belongs to actors of the highest grade. As in the case of Garrick, it is impossible to say whether love or terror, humor or despair, are best simulated in a countenance which expresses each and all on occasion with almost absolute perfection. This is, no doubt, due in a great measure not to natural qualities only, but to a varied and peculiar experience. Some will have it that actors, like poets, are born, not made, but this is only true in a limited and guarded sense. We imagine that there is as much native ability in American comedians as in French ones; but when we compare most of those at our city playhouses with Mr. Bateman's artists at the French

Theatre the antiquated maxim in this application is at once exploded. Mr. Dickens was a fair actor before he became a great writer, and has been a brilliant and painstaking amateur ever since. He has been for years a close and laborious student of human nature—of passions, sympathies, tastes, eccentricities, of crimes even, and insanities. To the normally rich soil of his mind there has been added long and patient culture, with a heart in the vocation and an intellectual structure capable of continual expansion and progression. Without this there might have been fruits of cleverness, but never those of perfect flavor and delicacy, or of consummate symmetry.

Those who fancy that Mr. Dickens reads as he does, then, with careless unpremeditation are greatly mistaken. Numbers, probably most people, cling openly or covertly to the idea that what looks easy must in truth be so; the secret and incentive of innumerable failures in every department of art. The hallucination has its uses, no doubt, since millions of unfulfilled endeavors must needs be the stepping-stones of progress; yet, whatever its moral necessity, we need not, in a question of aesthetics, encourage it. Mr. Dickens's finest effects are the result of profound study. So far as the text goes, it is evident that he knows it by rote and that his book is a conventional superfluity. Every now and then he turns over half-a-dozen pages at once, showing how little he depends upon them even to jog his memory. His "points" are made with premeditated elaboration, and he knows where the applause ought to come better than does his audience. Some of these points exhibit extraordinary elocutionary skill. The whole description of the shipwreck from *David Copperfield* deserves to be so characterized. The picture of the schooner struggling in the tremendous grasp of the tempest, with all the surrounding figures and accessories, is worked up with a cumulative dramatic power we have rarely, very rarely, seen equalled on the stage; and at the height of the catastrophe brought about by the great green wall of a wave which overwhelms the vessel, Mr. Dickens's pause in the rush of the narrative, as it were, in mid-air, on the words "the ship" before uttering the words "was gone!" which end the sentence, is strikingly effective. The indescribable pathos of the concluding passage directly after—when David sees the body of his former friend, the seducer Steerforth, lying dead on the beach with his head resting on his arm, as he had often seen him lying when a boy—can only be understood by hearing it. It is not our intention to enter into a detailed analysis of Mr. Dickens's performances; these illustrations are merely cited in support of the general proposition that the reader, so far from reading at random or from trusting to the inspiration of the moment, goes through preparation as cautious and thorough as ever the most proficient students of the theatre. The naturalness, the simplicity, the abandon which our audiences find so taking might be unattainable for a man of different nature; but they are notwithstanding, as we think, brought to their existing pitch by conscientious toil. Mr. Dickens is one of the fortunate and deserving few who have attained that perfected art which conceals itself, and this it is which gives his efforts their delightful air of spontaneity.

We believe that Mr. Dickens's readings will do us a great deal of good, and, could we have our way without harming him to whom we owe so much, we would have him read in every town throughout the country. Our pulpit and our stage have fallen, each in its way, into elocutionary vices the various causes of which we need not here discuss, but which the pre-eminent naturalness of Mr. Dickens's style would do—and we trust, as it is, will do—much to correct. The school of nature is the school for effectiveness after all, as nobody who hears these readings will deny. Mousing and whining, making sepulchral noises and pretending to sonorosity which does not in truth exist, could, by no possible combination, produce the effect upon his audiences that Mr. Dickens, so simple, so unaffected, and so manly, produces with so little—apparent—effort. We hope that thousands of our public speakers of all professions will hear the great novelist, will enjoy and appreciate his excellences, and will strive to emulate them. Should this happily be the case, his second

coming among us may be the herald of a new school of preaching, acting, and declaiming, the benefits of which will be universally felt. For this somewhat selfish reason, and quite apart from the great debt of gratitude which in common with all who speak the English tongue we already owe and acknowledge to his versatile genius, we rejoice to be able heartily to congratulate Mr. Dickens on his brilliant success in the metropolis, and to offer him a cordial—no, he must really excuse for once a more familiar term—an affectionate welcome.

RINKOMANIA.

THE GULF STREAM has lately been credited with the benevolent intention of changing its time-honored course, and of so far eschewing routine as to sweep within hailing distance of Montauk Point before resuming its old direction toward Cape Clear. The agreeable consequence—as depicted by science or airy fancy—was to consist, primarily, in transforming our icy and pitiless northern winter into something like the balmy, hibernal season of Southern Cornwall or Devonshire. To have roses blooming and the myrtle springing all through December and January in Central Park and Staten Island was certainly a highly agreeable prospect; and that it should be unequivocally blasted by the sudden onset of the Frost King swathed in his dense robes of snow and shaking his icicled sceptre more sharp and tyrannous than ever is, under the circumstances, decidedly no joke. Clearly the savans have blundered this time, or at least made the mistake so often made before about comets and meteoric showers, and tripped in their dates. It is plain that, for the present, Green Ireland is to be Green Ireland still; that invalids are still to luxuriate at Christmas-tide in the soft, sweet air of Ventnor and Torquay, and that we of the harder West must yet be content with the savage storms and frigid congelations to which we are so well accustomed. The behavior of the Gulf Stream is certainly very unhand-some, and we really think it might have been a little more patriotic. Considering all it owes to this continent of ours—that, without the lavish contributions of the Mississippi, it in fact would not be a Gulf Stream worth speaking of at all—we must say that we think we have very good cause of complaint. Suppose we were to cut off the supply at New Orleans, which would be like cutting off the Croton at High Bridge, where, we should like to know, would this deceitful and self-willed Gulf Stream get the strength and volume and sunny spirit which carry it so gayly across the Atlantic to warm that presumptuous old mother of ours and give her heart and courage to call herself the mistress of the seas? Surely our forbearance is very creditable and should be properly appreciated.

In the meantime, seeing that things are as they are, it is fortunate that we can look about for consolation, and not be disappointed. We are to have the old-fashioned Christmas, it seems, and not a new, phenomenal one; but we have, to add to the old ones, new pleasures—new at least in their universality and in the means and appliances for their enjoyment; pleasures which, had the Gulf Stream been kinder, we must perforce have fore-gone, and which may, therefore, justly be regarded as in the nature of recompense. A joy is preparing for us whose expectation makes the hearts of youths and maid-ens leap, which puts new elasticity into the stiffened muscles of maturity, and makes even the old bestir to bring back memories of the past through witnessing the fascinating gambols wherein they once could share. The time has come for furs and bright-colored garments, for flying curls and laughter-sparkling eyes, for unlimited glimpses of pretty ankles, and innumerable flirtations under (or over) difficulties, for hot spiced drinks and merry journeys home, noisy with plans for resuming the blithesome sport to-morrow. The time has come for wondering who is the lovely girl in blue and crimson, and who the graceful charmer in brown and cherry, and who the entrancing creature in purple with the golden hair! And, if it is possible to get an introduction. And, whether Miss Violet Blank and Miss Dash will be there, and how they will be chaperoned. The time for all manner of delicious festivities by moonlight to soft music; of caring more whether "the ball" than gold is up or down. Surely we can forgive the Gulf Stream; his company would have been very genial, no doubt, but it would have been quite incompatible with what has grown to be the most frolicsome characteristic of our New York winter; it would have made us much warmer, but then—only think—we should have had entirely to give up our dear, delightful Rinkomania!

Some people think this rage for skating is carried too far among us, and of course anything may be pushed to

extremes; but we have never thought any portion of the American people were in danger of taking too much outdoor exercise, and we do not think so in connection with skating now. There is, moreover, another consideration beside that of mere pleasurable exercise, and which helps to explain what we call Rinkomania. We mean a certain natural development of the social instinct, not necessarily involving the desire or the obligation for close intimacy—the instinct which in London finds outlet in such places as Rotten Row, where everybody can see everybody and be generally *en courant* of the flow and ripple of the fashionable tide at the least possible expenditure of time and trouble. Resorts like this have been wanting among us, or rather we have grown up to need them so swiftly as to be in something like the position of a metropolitan people in a provincial town. Central Park and the Jerome race-course are great successes because they meet so directly the gregarious demand we speak of, and enable everybody to see everybody under healthful and enlivening circumstances without compelling close acquaintanceships or incessant visiting. Now, people flock to the skating-ponds for much the same reason. They feel sure of seeing plenty of pretty girls under becoming circumstances, plenty of noted personages all in a day, the sight of whom might otherwise be spread over two or three months, very likely an intimate friend or two, and the whole surrounded by an atmosphere of jollity and healthfulness which is vastly pleasant. It is not the skating alone, poetry of motion though it may be, which inspires our periodic mania, but the concomitants, which are quite as important as those of a white-bait dinner. Wherefore we do not laugh at it at all nor think it silly, but a very sound and wholesome "institution." *Vive la Rinkomanie!* say we. Let all be its victims who like. We shall not be in the least ashamed for our own part if detected at an early day among the number; and will promise not to blush more than Jack Frost makes us if caught gliding, however awkwardly, over a certain glassy surface a few miles north of us to the inspiring music of *La Grande Duchesse*.

MR. GREELEY'S MISSION.

WHEN the venerable philosopher of *The Tribune* surprised us all by declining the Austrian mission, without vouchsafing any public explanation of his course, there rose among the *quid-nuncs* and gossips who love to speculate upon the actions of the great considerable doubt and disagreement as to his motive. By many his refusal was attributed to pique and mortified vanity at not having been first nominee; by others, to scorn and distrust of the giver—*timelet Danaos et dona ferentes*; some found in it only philosophic indifference to the glittering mockeries of power, a wise distaste for the cares of public station; some generous few, personally unacquainted with the sage, have ascribed it to diffidence as to his fitness for this post. These and a thousand other equally ingenious reasons were suggested, debated, and dismissed—devotion to his editorial duties; fears for the safety of his party, or, more serious still, of the country, without him in such troublous times; reluctance to doff that old familiar garb in which we know and love him best for the unused and indistinctive elegance of courts; compassion on the Austrians in their hour of reverse, apprehension of McCracken—every shadow of a possible cause was eagerly caught up. For our own part, we were satisfied that Mr. Greeley felt it beneath his importance to accept a mission whose most serious duty was drawing the salary attached to it, where the minister had positively nothing else to do except to let slip no opportunity of assuring the Vienna government of his distinguished consideration in indifferent French; to celebrate each recurrence of that momentous event by very long and stupid despatches to the home government in indifferent English, and thereby to give the honorable Secretary of State every possible pretext for showing what a vast amount of diplomatic ability he does not possess; to watch with anxiety the effect of the Hungarian Diet on the Emperor's digestion, and, generally speaking, to be majestically useless and expensively ornamental. We fancied that in Mr. Greeley's eminently energetic temperament and busy life we could find ample cause for his disinclination to the dignified inutility of the Austrian mission. But we were far from suspecting what no one seems to have dreamed of, what *The Tribune* of the 9th inst. clearly reveals, the fact that Mr. Greeley's main reason for putting away the greatness thus sought to be thrust upon him must have been his conviction that another and loftier mission awaited him here. Coily hiding in an out-of-the-way corner of that journal we discovered on that eventful day the following significant notice:

MATRIMONIAL.—Wanted, immediately, a very young and beautiful, petite and genteel, loving and congenial MATRIMONIAL COMPANION, by a very superior Protestant, Radical gentleman of finished education, refinement, and position, and in a first-class business. Wealth no object. Address, in confidence, OPPORTUNITY, Box 160, *Tribune* Office. Ladies, please show this to some suitable lady friend.

To a majority of people, doubtless, this advertisement conveyed no other meaning than a hundred others of its kind; to us it seems fraught with conclusive evidence of its being the first diffident expression of Mr. Greeley's deliberate and perhaps long-cherished intention to found a matrimonial bureau, which shall do for the new world and Walrusia what the renowned M. Schwartz has less comprehensively attempted for the old.

Lest any should deem our conclusion preposterous and rash (there are among the best-natured readers those pestilent fellows who always clamor for processes when you give them results)—lest any should dispute our view, let us look at the facts. Mr. Greeley is a philosopher and a patriot, and all philosophers know what all patriots must be anxious to prove, that the true greatness of a country depends on its social development. Recent statistics seem to prove that marriage is decreasing and sensuality augmenting in proportion. The sentiment of the coming generation appears to be decidedly averse to marriage, which, in truth, is getting to be a most expensive luxury—almost as costly as death. The fact, which cannot be denied, is greatly to be deplored, and the true philanthropist will leave no means untried to change a state of affairs so unnatural and demoralizing. But Mr. Greeley is a true philanthropist; ergo, etc., *Q. E. D.* Can anything be clearer? Again, *The Tribune* is a moral paper, the exponent of a party of moral ideas, and would surely admit no advertisement couched in—it must be confessed—so ambiguous terms, without a very strong guaranty of a great moral purpose underlying it. But Mr. Greeley is the editor of *The Tribune*—need we say more? Or has not the intelligent reader already agreed with us as to the identity of this very superior "Protestant, Radical gentleman, of finished education, refinement, and position, and in a first-class business"? has he not accredited to the proper source that charming disinterestedness which makes "wealth no object"? Does he not recognize and appreciate that noble and characteristic appeal for confidence? Has he not, in short, likewise detected through the flimsy mask of "OPPORTUNITY, Box No. 160, *Tribune* office," the benevolent features, the philanthropic whiskers, the intellectual spectacles, the historic hat we all revere?

Let us not be misunderstood. Let no one suppose us for a moment imagining that Mr. Greeley wants for himself "the very young and beautiful, petite and genteel, loving and congenial MATRIMONIAL COMPANION" whom we fancy him so delicately inviting to address him in confidence at Box 160, *Tribune* office. Good gracious, no! The design is plain and worthy of the profound benevolence that gave it birth. We have hinted our suspicion of Mr. Greeley's intention to found a matrimonial bureau. In this advertisement we find the initial step of that stupendous scheme, and when we have disclosed it we do not doubt that our readers will join with us in hearty admiration of its ingenuity and simplicity. When the hundreds of very young and beautiful, petite and genteel, loving and congenial candidates for MATRIMONIAL COMPANIONSHIP who will probably jump at the Opportunity, have entrusted their addresses to our philosopher's confidential hands, we may expect to see a second advertisement directed to the very superior Protestant, radical gentleman, of education, etc., who may be in search of these treasures. Beyond a peradventure is it that they will rise in shoals to the alluring bait, and lo! the matrimonial bureau is in successful operation. It only remains to adorn the front of *The Tribune* building with some taking inscription, "Headquarters of Hymen," "Bower of Beauty," "Temple of True Love," or similar attractive alliteration, to provide the chief priest with suitable insignia of office, white gloves and a new hat, and to brush the devil and the other editors from the sanctuary, and the thing is done. Marriages in high life will become affairs of hourly recurrence, and the hapless Jenkinsons who do the fashionable intelligence for *The Household Flunky* and *The Family Spy* will have enough to do.

Of course, this is mainly a conjecture. We have received from Mr. Greeley no official intimation of the intention we suspect, and it is barely possible that we are wrong. There is an unpleasant ambiguity, too, in the phrase Matrimonial Companion which we find it hard to reconcile with the well-known and high-toned morality of the journal wherein the notice appears. But this may be, after all, only an ultra manifestation of that charming delicacy which makes American husbands speak universally of ladies and not of wives, and edifies the world with the

somewhat anomalous spectacle of women who have feet but not legs. Perhaps, hereafter, it will be the correct theory in very superior Protestant, Radical circles, to say Mr. Smith and Matrimonial Companion instead of Mr. Smith and lady.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DICKENS IN BOSTON.

Boston (after Dickens had gone), Dec., 1837.

FRIDAY evening found me on my way to hear Mr. Dickens give the last reading of his first course. Three days have passed since his first appearance, and the excitement has been so great among those who have been to hear him that as yet we have had but little else than *quanta gaudia* descriptions. "How did you like him?" A prolonged Oh! with uplifted hands, is the only answer. It is true we know all about the rose-bud, the maroon-colored screen, and the plush-covered table with its water-bottle and little reading-desk, but I took my seat with no little curiosity to discover in what Mr. Dickens's great power as a reader lies. Is it his voice, his face, his acting, or all combined that so enraptures his hearers? The programme announces the Story of Little Dombey and the Trial from *Pickwick*. There certainly is sufficient scope for variety; not only will the contrast be effective, but the pathos of little Paul's life can hardly fail to move us as irresistibly as the famous trial with all its well known associations.

In the midst of very moderate applause, for these Bostonians are highly proper people, Mr. Dickens walks rapidly across the platform and takes his place at the desk. Without introduction he begins, "Rich Mr. Dombey sat in the corner of his wife's darkened bed-chamber, in the great arm-chair by the bedside." Why, has he taken cold? his voice is husky and somewhat indistinct. I am not more than one-third the length of the hall from him, and I see I must listen closely if I would catch every word. But here comes Mrs. Chick to the very life. The slight dash of disappointment at the opening is gone. We enter heartily into the scene without even one of her "efforts," and remain deeply-moved spectators in that darkened room when, in the midst of Florence's agonized "Dear mamma," Mrs. Dombey "drifts out into the unknown sea."

The first chapter is ended, and now five years have gone when Paul's little piping voice asks, "Papa, what's money?" Here Mr. Dickens's voice is clear and distinct. At this higher pitch it does not squeak; there is no feeling after the right note, no uncertain sound, in the slow, plaintive tone of the delicate child; and it never for an instant disappoints your confidence that throughout the reading it will be sustained. From the moment he first speaks Paul Dombey is as much a living personage on that platform as Mr. Dickens himself. After all that has been said about Mr. Dickens's careful study, I am surprised to hear at the outset even such slight faults in elocution as the nurse's declaiming "He was too old-fashioned;" and if Paul were so weary he would hardly utter "I don't know *what* to do!" with so much vigor.

Mrs. Pipchin and Miss Blimber are unmistakable; but Dr. Blimber is excellent; and when the great clock in the hall seems to little Paul to go on saying, over and over again, "How, is, my, lit, the, friend, how, is, my, lit, the, friend?" the reason is manifest.

I was disappointed in Toots. It is doubtless a most difficult character to render, and entire success was hardly to have been expected. Indeed, there are not a few personages in Mr. Dickens's novels who must remain largely imaginary to us—as Quilp, for example. Toots began with altogether too much voice for so young and so sheepish a gentleman. Then his hesitation and confusion often degenerated into an incongruous stutter, so that his individuality was not established, and, in short, Toots himself did not appear. He, of all the characters of the evening, left the least impression of having been actually present. Paul's voice grows more and more touching as he becomes feebler, and in the conversations with Floy on the beach about the noise of the sea, the chances of her ever leaving him, its plaintiveness goes to the heart. But the end soon comes; and when at last after those few rapid sentences about the mighty rush of the river, it makes a strong nervous effort to say, "The picture is not divine enough for mamma; the light about the head is shining on me as I go"—the voice of Paul Dombey is still; but only to ring in my ears an ever-cherished reality.

The reading, thus far, has occupied nearly an hour and a half; and I notice with surprise that the audience have not been paying very marked attention. Some few were actually asleep. An intelligent-looking gentleman near me, apparently interested, has all the time been intently

reading the libretto, as if he were hearing a school-boy recite—an occupation which, it was painfully evident from the universal turning of the leaf when the reader reached the bottom of the page, many of the audience were engaged in. After a few minutes' intermission, Mr. Dickens reappeared, and every one brightened up for what was evidently looked forward to as the event of the evening. The Trial began, after a brief description of the scene. Sergeant Buzfuz opened the case. His manner was much less excited and stormy than he is usually represented by our public readers, and than, in fact, the description of him in *Pickwick* seems to indicate. He was smooth, insinuating, plausible, evidently an old hand with juries, fully conscious of his own powers. When he read Mrs. Bardell's placard, "Apartments furnished," etc., the intelligent juror interrupted with "There's no date to that, is there, sir?" in so sudden a manner, and with so complete a change in the voice and posture of the reader, that you could hardly realize it was not an actual metamorphosis. The "warning-pan," of course, brought down the house, as it would in the mouth of any reader who could be heard. Mr. Winkle's "Here," in answer to the summons to the witness-box, was perfect, and his testimony was perhaps the success of the evening. It is indescribable. The confusion between Daniel and Nathaniel is only appreciated when you hear him say "N-n-thaniel," and his irritation at being obliged to explain, "I don't know her, but I've seen her," was irresistible. It was with the greatest regret that we saw him vanish.

The last witness was Sam Weller. The lion of the evening had come at last, as was manifest by the applause that greeted the mention of his name, and yet everybody was surprised at him, and I think the majority were disappointed. I have thought of him continually since, and have come to the conclusion that I never knew Sam before. He is no "lewd fellow of the baser sort," no mere joker, but essentially a "gentleman's gentleman." Whatever he may have been before, from the moment he enters Mr. Pickwick's service he knows his place and lives up to it as perfectly as did Major Pendennis's "Mr. Morgan." He never for a moment forgets that he is a servant, and is eminently deferential even when most aggravating. The species is unknown in this country, but in England it is common. In my own limited experience, how often have I sympathized with Pendennis's feelings when Mr. Morgan seemed to be saying, "You are very young, sir."* If that fellow would only be impertinent, or give you the least tangible provocation, what a comfort it would be to kick him. But no; he is so attentive and deferential that you can only vent your wrath by shaking your fist behind his back. Sam is an eminent specimen of this class. He knows he is clever, and can with impunity war in words with anybody, but he knows his social position also, and is proud of it in his way; he would no more do anything derogatory to it than Lord Chesterfield would have done in his. This is just what Mr. Dickens represents him, and in no part of his history has he a better opportunity to bring out this character than in this particular scene. It is the tone of his voice and his manner that decide whether he is disrespectful or not, and Mr. Dickens puts it beyond question. The naïveté with which he "spells it with a V," and the slyness that twinkles through the apparent innocence with which he tells how Dodson & Fogg so kindly charge nothing but what they can get out of Mr. Pickwick, must be seen to be appreciated. Nor can I pass over the interruption of Sam's father about the "we"—the gruff, hearty voice of the old stage-driver is worthy of the man.

The more I think about the evening's entertainment the more delight I find in it. The charm certainly was not in Mr. Dickens's voice; its natural tones are not clear, as I have said, nor does it manifest any of the sonorousness and flexibility which characterize many public speakers and readers. Nor is his delivery particularly good; the tendency was to monotony in the descriptive and recitative passages, with frequent indistinctness. Indeed, I have found that the enjoyment of those of his hearers with whom I have spoken was generally in exact proportion to their nearness to the reader; those who sat in the front of the end gallery lost a fourth of all he read. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance to secure a seat as near the front as possible. His power is not in his gesticulation, for although Mr. Dickens knows so well the weight and meaning of every movement, and uses them to such advantage in his novels, he cannot act them out. The simplest, most obvious motions, as when Miss Pipchin's process of bringing out the youthful mind is compared to opening an oyster, are of course easily and vigorously demonstrated, but of all the finer expressions of the hand and wrist, which are so marked in Ristori, and are so in-

dispensable to a fine actor, he is quite incapable. Indeed, most of his movements are rather constrained than otherwise, at times almost awkward. His claims to be considered an actor must rest on the power of expression in his face. It lights up marvellously; and one person vanishes before the complete occupation of another at an instant's notice. I could particularize the peculiar expression of nearly every character, but his whole countenance fairly beamed in Mr. Winkle. And yet it is neither Mr. Dickens as a reader nor Mr. Dickens as an actor in whom you are so interested; it is Mr. Dickens as an interpreter of Charles Dickens the author. It is that he is an authentic renderer and illustrator of the characters of his own creation, with whom you had hitherto only a partial acquaintance. He places them one after another before you in their true costumes, and from that moment all uncertainty is gone; henceforth you feel that you know them; you have looked into their faces and heard their voices. And now you see that, like a prophecy, it is all written out in the novel; you have gained really no new information, but it required the strong light of this realization to make you understand the writing. Should Mr. Dickens read any other writings than his own it would be interesting; should any one else read Dickens as well as he does it would be highly entertaining, and we would get much to think about; but as Mr. Dickens interprets himself we are charmed. He is the magician who calls up a host of people whom we have learned to regard as friends, from what we have read and heard of them, and whose memories we cherish, and he causes them to live over their lives in tangible reality before us. Whatever may be said of any shortcomings, he most certainly merits this highest of commendations, that he has learned the art of concealing art; though he may not reach our highest ideal of dramatic excellence, he never gives the impression of attempting what he cannot perform; if he does not reach the heights of true genius, he does what he does well. He is entirely free from all mannerisms, and I am in doubt whether his simplicity is not the most remarkable part of the entertainment. I certainly have never seen it equalled. Mr. Longfellow said to a friend on Monday, when the reading was over, that it was one of the most delightful evenings of his life, and I noticed he was present again, as was Mr. Whittier, on Friday. And yet I must confess to a lingering trace of disappointment. Can the big heart which out of its fulness gave us Old Peggotty, Dora, Dr. Strong, Smike, the Cheeryble Brothers, Little Nell, Paul, Dot, and a host of such long-cherished friends, be contained in that dapper, nervous, business-like figure, enveloped in the air of a society so different from theirs, suggesting "ton" and savoring of dinner-parties?

I speak in all kindness, for no one acknowledges more indebtedness to Mr. Dickens than I do; but he has given us so high an ideal that I was a little disconcerted by what may prove to be only a seeming incongruity. KENT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DEMOCRACY, CARLYLE, AND WHITMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:
SIR: Some people admire Thomas Carlyle; others, Walt Whitman. Each of them is a man of ability, but neither is intelligible to a majority of his admirers. Perhaps that is their precise charm, for in this day of general but superficial education, of much reading and little knowledge, of infinite speech and finite thought, the "average man" (*vide* Whitman) is apt to believe in the wisdom of what he cannot understand. Thousands sit at Carlyle's feet, like heathen in "express savagery" before their idol, gazing at his grotesqueness and straining their ears to catch a tone for their hearts. But he is one of those who do not care to be understood. If he did, he would change his style and write English. No doubt he would be affronted if he thought the "average man" could understand him. He is a believer in tyrants and ruffians, in coarse fellows like Frederick William, or in ambitious, cold-blooded heroes like his illustrious successor. His faith is in the governor, not the governed; kings, not subjects. His creed is, that out of the millions who constitute a nation there must be one divinely appointed, with strength and will to put bit and curb upon his fellow-beings; a keeper with hot iron whip or other instrument of torture needful, or supposed to be needful, to maintain subjection. He has no idea of a people putting bit and curb upon themselves in any degree. Willing obedience, a popular sense of order, has not place in his theory. Mastership, repression, paternal meddling, the decision of matters by one for many, a giant manipulating and casting about the human animalcule he has for subjects—that is the sum of his system of government.

Mr. Whitman maintains a different attitude. He goes to the other extreme. He has been eulogized as the poet of "naturalness" because (we think) he has said things in print which most men would be ashamed to say—has a tendency which is generally deemed morbid nastiness

—a lusty, animal way of deifying goodness, and sentimentalizing materialism not with the elegance which characterizes, and in part conceals, the maudlin lust of the *Laus Veneris*, but with the directness of a brute whom reason has not taught to be ashamed of what humanity covers with secrecy. We observe, too, that he is very dogmatical in his method of expression, and has no mercy for the other workers of literature in the country—acknowledges no fellowship with them—"pooh-poohs" them as "genteel little creatures," and speaks of "that perpetual, pistareen, pasteboard work, American art, American opera, drama, taste, verse." He demands a man "untouchable by any canons of religion, politics, or what is called modesty or art." You see in this expression the character of the mind of the man. He smites the world fair in the face upon that point of "modesty." He asserts himself valiantly, sweepingly, at the expense of all others in the literary field. To some this will seem very bold and brave, and they will think of elephants crushing jungles, and lions catching gnats; but are Bryant, Halleck, Longfellow, Cooper, Hawthorne, Irving, Whittier, and the thousand other worthies and immortals of our literature "genteel little creatures;" are their productions "perpetual, pistareen, pasteboard works"? To ask the question is to answer it; and to answer more, or, rather, to reveal more—for it reveals what a mouthy, impotent creature is this Walt Whitman, impotent to grime and smirch and belittle the grand monument these men have reared to their country's genius. In this scornful bray against American authors, in this coarse assumption of superiority over so much of genius, in this pretence of an affluence of philosophy which can and must sneer at what the rest of the world deems great and beneficent achievements, he throws down a gage of battle which justifies plain speaking of himself in his relations to the public.

It is a singular fact that Carlyle and Whitman are brought into a sort of opposition by the latter's article on *Democracy* in *The Galaxy*—singular because in the entire field of English literature there are no two writers more marked by the same characteristics, or who would have been so alike in thought as they would have been under the same training, in the same state of society. Change their places of birth and abode, and you would have Carlyle a foaming demagogue in America, humoring the very madness of democracy, and Whitman a flunky to divine right in England, bowing and cringing before every strong-handed, "divinely-appointed" ruffian who tortured the people most and put his foot heaviest upon their necks. Accidents are so powerful in forming opinions that men are entitled to little praise, deserve little censure, for what they believe—rather to encouragement when right, and to pity and persuasion when wrong, than to praise or censure. As for the rest, we may thank God that every man who reasons falsely or foolishly in print or speech is not a pickpocket to depredate upon society, or a lunatic to be a burden to it; that so burly, vigorous, full-blooded specimens of the animal man as Carlyle and Whitman fetter themselves with type, and confine their predatory instincts to outcries against "dry-as-dusts," and "genteel little creatures."

Another singular fact connected with this opposition of these two literary nondescripts—a fact in addition to their mental similarities and their general warfare against other litterateurs—is the unconscious homage Whitman pays to Carlyle by a servile and not altogether unsuccessful imitation of his style of composition—the turgid, diffuse, tautological manner of men, who think at their pens' points, embodying thoughts which are vague and undigested, requiring patches and after-daubes and dashes, while not arraying themselves clearly and precisely upon the page. There are people who recognize in this hurried jingle of words, this hotch-potch of expression, the efforts of minds whose thoughts surge and beat against their poor physical boundaries, struggle in vain for full outlet. We must dissent from this, dub it nonsense, and assert that there is no thought worth uttering which is not coined cleanly and brightly before it reaches the pen or informs the tongue. Take this expression of Whitman from his article on *Democracy* and see what antics this sentimental, surging, and beating business (which in good English is really slipshod and careless writing) cuts before "high heaven":

"The literature of these states, a new projection, when it comes, must be born overseas, through all rich and luxuriant forms, but stern and exclusive, of the sole idea of the states, belonging here alone."

No doubt this means something, but why subject poor humanity to the chance work of discovering what?

That Mr. Carlyle is hostile to a democratic form of government is inevitable sequence of his mania for man-worship—his toadying genuflections at the shrine of the particular ruffian he selects to admire. He is a non-executive man to the last degree; blind, as all his writings prove, to the true meaning of human life; ignorant, in spite of his clamor against shams and his protestations in behalf of fact, of the motives, necessities, and passions of his race. He is so dazzled by crowned despotism that he cannot help feeling a flunkymy for it; and this feeling so irritates his pride and self-respect that he consciously or unconsciously (no matter which) atones for it by a vulgar flippancy and familiarity in his treat-

* *Qy.* David Copperfield and Steerforth's Littimer?—ED. ROUND TABLE.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in THE ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

NEW BOOKS OF TRAVEL.*

ment of his heroes. He gazes out of his life of study upon a world which is all confusion to him, a chaos, needing power creation to reduce it to order; force is his panacea, the brute force of bayonets, executions, and Bastille—the martinet rule of Frederick William. He would regard our Grants and Shermans as failures because they are not usurpers. Shall we add that he is the captive and prey, the open-eyed, awe-struck worshipper, the blatant eulogist and apologist of tyrants? To be this is a necessity of his mind, of the condition to which his life's accidents have reduced his mind; and, as the instincts of the age are opposed to all he admires and all he deems necessary for man's repression, he tries to grope centuries backward, and with puny hands (puny against the world's millions in their strength) tugs in the vain effort to restore to health and vigor the one idea, the barbaric hero-worship, the idea of cages with a keeper. In this regard, Mr. Whitman is his superior. He believes in what he styles "the average man," which we suppose means man generally; which is a good and proper belief for him and for all of us, inasmuch as he and we are men. By substituting "man generally" for "average man" we do not mean a pure democracy in the United States, an unlimited, irresponsible, ungoverned mob of any nature. We scout the idea of pure democracy in government for this land of varied resources and grand distances. We cling to the old idea of the constitution of a modified democracy, acting through representation and expressing its will by written constitutions. We hold that the vast majority of mankind are honest, entitled to personal liberty, capable of maintaining free forms of government, of imposing restraints in behalf of good order upon themselves, and of observing those restraints. We advance as a cardinal principle, vital to human happiness, not to be repressed by Carlyle's one-man idea nor lacquered by the thin japan of Whitman's sentimentalism, that the people are of more importance than rulers, under whatever name, and that the governed are the only significance of government. A child may be excused for inverting this significance, for seeing in a nation so many servants of a king, in great events only the opportunities of great men, and in society a mob given to low and sordid pursuits, requiring ceaseless repressions; but a philosopher—a Carlyle—cannot be excused. The paternal system is, in these days of crowded populations, of large properties, and varied industries, an impossible system; for in some way the voice of great interests will be heard, and even the Napoleons of the earth must consult the Bourse and stop the mouth of the "dangerous classes." It may sound philosophical to wave off millions of human beings by saying that they "are ardent only in pursuits that are sensuous and beaverish," or to dispose of them and all their affairs by the clamor of the word "Democracy." All this is unsatisfactory and does not advance any question of human progress or necessity. Democracy is not a universal panacea, nor are the pursuits of the majority of men "sensuous and beaverish." There are necessities (indeed, the majority of necessities) which no governmental system can minister to, and the precise fault both of Carlyle and Whitman is that their ideas of what is best for the race are all mingled with and dependent on the form of government. To say that despotism is happiness, is to make the people slaves. To say that democracy is the sum of all human progress, is to bring them to the same condition. Both of these theories imply a large and constant support from the machinery which governs the state, and cause men to expect from a principle what can only be wrested from exertion.

Our difficulty with Mr. Whitman is that he ascribes too much to democracy—is too certain of its permanence. In this regard he participates in a national error which, as the assumed philosopher of the nation, cannot be excused in him. Indeed, we see by his article in *The Galaxy* that he has thought only superficially upon the subject, and takes for granted everything which is in doubt. He prophesies and does not reason. He sings a song instead of publishing an argument. Of what harm these prophecies, this song? Why not allow their blatant boasting and unreasoning assertion to fill what ears and wander into what space of mind they can? Why not? Because they are a huge expression of a national folly and vice; because this leviathan disports himself vicariously in the ludicrous attitudes of our people's weakness, and shrieks forth the utopian cant which has nearly led the republic to bankruptcy and ruin; because he epitomizes, as it were, the spirit which has made us vain, over-confident, and has torn us into factions, deluging the land with fratricidal blood. No doubt the mass of the governed may take such part in the government as will ensure responsibility of the government agents, and, no doubt, a nation constituted upon this basis may be happier and freer than one constituted upon the paternal system; their personal liberty will be more secure, for it is in that respect that the free formula will be most permanent and efficacious. For property is as secure in France, Austria, or England as it is in this country. Vices of administration may affect pecuniary interests everywhere; but in this age it is well understood that the prosperity of the subject is the prosperity of the ruler.

WAYNE.

DECEMBER 15, 1867.

MR. LATHAM in his preface to *Black and White* informs us that his object in publishing it is to induce other Englishmen to go and judge for themselves what manner of people their American cousins really are; and that they will return, he believes, impressed, as he is, with a conviction that any one who can contribute in the smallest degree to make the two nations understand one another better will be doing good service to both. We are truly sorry, in view of Mr. Latham's obviously cordial and generous intentions, to be forced to say that the degree in which his present work will contribute to make the two nations understand each other better will be very small indeed. *Black and White* is sadly disfigured by blunders of a sort which should be found at this day in no Englishman's book about America and in no American's book about England. To be sure Mr. Latham's journal is avowedly the fruit of only three months' observation; and they were spent, as he says, in "wandering, looking upon the surface of things rather than beneath it." But if a man cannot make sure of leading facts—facts which the most moderate pains would suffice to verify—in three months, he should take six; and if this be out of the question, he should take twice the trouble to be sure he is right. The truth is, it is to superficial observation that the mutual ignorance of each other which characterizes the two nations is largely ascribable, and Mr. Latham's book, kindly meant as it is, belongs to the category of works which increase the very evils he so wisely deprecates. It may be hypercritical to find fault with such trifling mistakes as that Troy is on the line of the New York Central Railroad, that the streets in New York are called First, Second, and Third-East street, etc., and with the orthography which turns our most famous battlefield into Gettissburg; yet such trifles inevitably beget lack of confidence in the accuracy of statements more important. We by no means mean to imply that this book is utterly valueless and untrustworthy. On the contrary, apart from the kindness and good sense which characterize it, *Black and White* contains some useful information and a variety of statistics which seem carefully prepared and are mainly accurate. The book is, however, taken as a whole, poor, commonplace, and uninteresting.

Mr. Forney's *Letters from Europe* are easily accounted for. In the first place their author is to such an extreme degree enamored of his pen, that we fancy he would

"Think that day lost whose low-descending sun
Views from his hand no—"

letter written to *The Philadelphia Press* or *Washington Chronicle*. Next, we fancy he had a shrewd eye to business, and to their supposed advertising value to those journals. And, furthermore, we see no reason to doubt that he really believes, as he says, that "every line was inspired by a sincere desire to promote the cause of human progress, and to prove to my countrymen the incalculable advantages of their own government over that of any other nation upon earth;" to the demonstration of which he has devoted himself with the most exemplary vigor. On the whole we are surprised, on examining the letters in book form, to find how good they are. Between May 13, the day Mr. Forney reached England, and August 22, the day he sailed for home—in all 101 days—he wrote no less than sixty-two letters from different places in England, France, Switzerland, Baden, Nassau, Belgium, Holland. Of course they are adapted to the taste of the average reader of the journals for which they were written, and, equally of course, and from the necessity of the case, they treat only of the common-places of travel and those perfectly superficial and obvious things which travellers have written about from time immemorial, the whole having been fortified with an impressive array of guide-book facts and statistics. But then Mr. Forney was industrious and indefatigable, and really managed to see a good deal, and he tells about it in a straightforward, plain style which is not a model, yet is of a better sort than the mere freedom which comes from habitual rapid writing. Among his many disadvantages

* *I. Black and White: A Journal of a Three Months' Tour in the United States.* By Henry Latham, M.A., Barrister-at-law. London: Macmillan & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867.

II. *Letters from Europe.* By John W. Forney, Secretary of the Senate of the United States, proprietor and editor of *The Philadelphia Press* and *Washington Chronicle*. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1867.

III. *Italian Journeys.* By W. D. Howells, author of *Venetian Life*. New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1867.

IV. *The Turk and the Greek; or, Creeds, Races, Society, and Scenery in Turkey, Greece, and the Isles of Greece.* By S. G. W. Benjamin. The same.

V. *Four Years among Spanish-Americans.* By F. Hassaurek, late United States Minister Resident to the Republic of Ecuador. The same.

was the peculiarity of his audience, entailing several amusing necessities. Thus, every illustration of streets, public buildings, conveyances, and the like, has to be duplicated in order to adapt it to the latitude of Washington as well as of Philadelphia; then there seems to be an obligation to translate everything, which becomes rather absurd when we find the Jungfrau entitled the "Young Woman's Mountain," and an allusion to trente-et-quarante explained by the statement that it is the game of cards known in English as "Thirty-and-Forty;" above all—though this may be as much due to the force of life-long habit as to regard for the insatiable patriotism of his readers—is the uncompromising fulfilment of the resolution to exalt our country at the expense of all others, which is done by eulogiums of radicalism and protection whenever opportunity offers, and by closing the majority of the letters with an exordium of conventional bunkum after the most approved style of Mr. Jefferson Brick. There is nothing half-way about Mr. Forney's praises, no limitation of our superiority to matters of government and society. As to the Rhine—"take away the history (the best part of it traditional), and the splendid efforts of art"—he is prepared to "name twenty American streams, all of them surpassing it in length and breadth, and every one of them equalling it in natural beauty." As to newspapers, even those of England "do not approach either in appearance or contents the newspapers of America," while "the dailies of Brussels alone resemble, in their dash, enthusiasm, and rivalry, their American contemporaries"—which is attributable to "aristocratic hatred of free and fearless opinion," such, we suppose, as is to be found in the graceful rhetoric of *The Press* or *The Tribune*. For the railways—there were no sleeping-cars nor opportunities to lunch—Mr. Forney regarded them "with a feeling that would have been angry if the contrast had not been a new argument in favor of the United States." And as to the British aristocracy, we fear they will never know how beautifully Mr. Forney has served them out and how plain he makes it that the hour of their downfall is at hand. But, alas! even on Mr. Forney's eyes some comparisons to our disadvantage forced themselves. The triumphs of art which adorn the rotunda at Washington seem to him "more than ever like insults to those they aspire to typify" when contrasted with the portraits and monuments of London and Paris and Antwerp; while against some of the Sabbatarian clergy of Philadelphia, with whom he has a feud about running horse-cars on Sunday, he quotes with unction the assurance given him by one of the dissenting leaders in London, "that they took an odd way of showing their Christianity. 'Why, sir,' he said, 'if the poor people of London could not ride out on Sunday, there would be twenty funerals where there is now but one.'" Again, our author is more than half inclined to admire the freedom from tobacco-stains of the marble floors and columns and statues of the public buildings, but balances the continental custom of universal smoking against the "foolishly hypercritical" comments of foreigners upon the spittoons that garnish both houses of Congress. On the whole, however, our country has in every respect worth mention so immensely the best of it that the book must be immensely popular among the sort of people to whom it is addressed.

Decidedly the most delightful of the books on our list—the most charming book of travel, altogether, that we have come upon since Mr. Howells gave us his *Venetian Life*, a year or more ago—is *Italian Journeys*, its companion volume. How Mr. Howells spent three years as consul at Venice we know from his previous book, and these journeys are half-a-dozen expeditions thence—of greater or less extent—to Rome, via Padua, Ferrara, Bologna, Genoa, and (by a serio-comic sea-voyage) Naples; up into the Cimbrian villages among the Alps; to the home of Petrarch; to Pompeii; to the ducal and other famous cities throughout Italy. But it does not matter much where our author takes us, for his progress is entirely unconventional and unfettered by guide-book considerations; and his narration is perfectly unsystematic for the reason that he feels under no obligation to give information, of which you consciously encounter scarcely a scrap, although no book of which we are aware gives a more distinct idea of the country treated. In fine, it is the work of an artist, and is altogether of a different grade from most of its kind. From those we have grouped with it it differs essentially by the charm that comes from a repressed humor, exuberant while chaste, and a style than which none could be more happily adapted to its employment—one alike without trace of diffident distrust, of obtrusive self-assertion, of meretricious display, but with that felicitous choice of words and apt disposal of them which only the confidence and

dexterity of familiar use can impart. The glimpses Mr. Howells gives us of the Italian character are admirably chosen. His own frame of mind seems to have become with reason one of settled incredulity. At Ferrara, for instance, his party dined in company with three Italian officers, one of whom exposed his ignorance that it was election-day in America:

"At this the Genoese frowned superior intelligence, and the Crimean, gazing admiringly upon him, said he had been nine months at Nuova York, and that he had a brother living there. The poor Crimean boastfully added that he himself had a cousin in America, and that the Americans generally spoke Spanish. The count from Piacenza wore an air of pathetic discomfiture, and tried to invent a trans-Atlantic relative, as I think, but failed.

"I am persuaded that none of these warriors really had kinsmen in America, but that they all pretended to have them, out of politeness to us, and that they believed each other. It was very kind of them, and we were so grateful that we put no embarrassing questions."

As for the localities which the sight-seer persuades himself have been somehow associated with poets and great men, Mr. Howells's deduction, drawn from the exhibited prison of Tasso, in which it is quite out of the question he can ever have been confined, is that "the utmost he can make out of the most famous place is, that it is possibly what it is said to be, and is more probably as near that as anything local enterprise could furnish." On the other hand, when he takes us out of Naples by the Villa Reale to see Virgil's tomb, he accords it a kind of claim to genuineness by virtue of its improbable appearance, although it has an inscribed stone, placed there by the Queen of France in 1840, and "said by the custodian (a singularly dull ass) to be an exact copy of the original, whatever the original may have been." The finest instance, perhaps, is that of a visit to the prisons of one Ecelino, a lord of Vicenza, Padua, Verona, and Brescia, early in the thirteenth century, who was a monster of quite unique bloodiness and cruelty. Through the castle of this lord, a perfect chamber of horrors, Mr. Howells and his party went, inspecting the instruments of torture and hearing the fate of the victims, all which they describe to a Paduan, on their return thither, as "the most terrific pleasure of our lives," whereat the Paduan looked amused and this dialogue ensued:

"You don't mean that those are *not* the veritable Ecelino prisons?"

"Certainly those are nothing of the kind. The Ecelino prisons were destroyed when the Crusaders took Padua, with the exception of the tower, which the Venetian Republic converted into an observatory.

"But at least these prisons are on the site of Ecelino's castle?"

"Nothing of the sort. His castle in that case would have been outside of the old city walls."

"And these tortures and the prisons are all—?"

"Things got up for show. No doubt Ecelino used such things and many more, of which even the ingenuity of Signor P— cannot conceive. But he is an eccentric man, loving the horrors of history, and what he can do to realize them he has done in his prisons."

There is a good deal of this sort of thing. Even where nothing is to be gained by it, terra-cotta busts are placed in windows to suggest people looking out. At Ferrara is shown a palace on whose walls for years had been a stain of the blood of one of the natural sons of Lucrezia Borgia, murdered by his mother's own hand; the wall recently had to be repaired, "but the conscientious artist . . . has faithfully restored the tragic spot, by bestowing upon the stucco a bloody dash of Venetian red." After numerous exemplifications of it we are ready to accept our author's theory that "Rome really belongs to the Anglo-Saxon nations, and the Pope and the past seem to be entirely carried on for our diversion." By many slight touches, by countless incidents, Mr. Howells gives us a better conception than any amount of essay-writing could do of the hopelessness of the Italian character, of the treachery that lurks under a smile, of the unfathomable, disheartening duplicity of the race. "The children," he says, "are not quarrelsome, nor cruel, nor brutal; but the servile defect of falsehood, fixed by long generations of slavery, in the Italians is almost ineradicable." And another phase of them is illustrated by a typical Antonino, who frequents a coffee-house much affected by American sailors, appears the best of the Neapolitans, drains them of their last coin, and when at midnight they seek for justice or proceed to execute it, then he "shall develop into one of the landlords, and deal them the most artistic stab in Naples; handsome, worthy Antonino; tender-eyed, subtle, pitiless!" As to Italian unity Mr. Howells finds one serious obstacle in "the strong municipal spirit which still dominates all Italy, and which is more inimical to an effectual unity among Italians than Pope or Kaiser has ever been," so that an acquaintance they make, from Rovigo, "was a *foreigner* at Padua, twenty-five miles north, and a *foreigner* at Ferrara, twenty-five miles south; and throughout Italy the native of one city is an alien in another, and is as lawful a prey as a Russian or an American, with people who consider every stranger as sent them by the bounty of

Providence to be eaten alive"—quite like New Jersey. Perhaps it is not difficult to find the reason, partially at least, with not less success than that of a democratic Italian captain, interested in our war:

"You Americans are in the habit of attributing this war to slavery. The cause is not sufficient."

"I ventured to demur and explain. 'No,' said the captain, 'the cause is not sufficient. We Italians know the only cause which could produce a war like this.'"

"I was naturally anxious to be instructed in the Italian theory, hoping it might be profounder than the English notion that we were fighting about tariffs."

"The captain frowned, looked at me carefully, and then said: 'In this world there is but one cause of mischief—the Jesuits!'"

Mr. Benjamin has in a very unusual degree the prime qualifications of a writer on foreign lands, that of thorough acquaintance with them. His father, as we learn from the dedication of the book, lived in Greece and Turkey as a missionary until his body was laid in Constantinople, while our author was born, we believe, in Athens, certainly in Greece. Thus we have the advantage of hearing from one who, by birthright and education and all other essentials, is our countryman, about men and countries with which are connected his earliest recollections, and with which he has the familiarity gained by long residence among them, and the just estimates formed on revisiting them in the maturity of his judgement and after knowledge of other nations has given him standards of comparison as well as broader sympathies. And Mr. Benjamin's uncommon fitness for his task has made his book as excellent in its way as Mr. Howells's is in a different one. The book is not exactly a narrative of anything, although in a general way we take up the country at Constantinople, pass thence with one of the missionaries on his annual tour through north-western Asia Minor, pause at Smyrna, and come by Scio through the Isles of Greece to Athens, concluding with a rapid sketch of the protracted struggle with which Crete has been more or less afflicted from a time anterior to Mohammedanism. Mr. Benjamin writes of the Levant *con amore*. On Smyrna and Constantinople he dwells with much the enthusiasm the average American feels about Paris. And indeed he proves that he has reason, by his enumeration as belonging to the former of a scenery affording unparalleled attractions for the genre, the landscape, the marine painter; of a climate and natural productions that must satisfy the most exacting epicurean; of a community than which none more cosmopolitan can be found, in which "one beholds representatives from every nation between Pekin and Chicago," "hears almost every variation of language spoken since the flood," and encounters in street-procession Circassian, Yankee, Turk, Nubian, Briton, Koord, Persian, Parisian, Fakir, gypsy, savant. As to Smyrna, her luxuries seem to have infected our author with Oriental philosophy, so that we find him contrasting the Smyrniote with the American; and doubting whether in their simple, aimless existence, oppressed as they are, yet without ambition and without care and with their fêtes and out-of-door life, the former have not quite as much real happiness as the sober, phlegmatic, unrelaxed Americans, "who have different and possibly more elevated recreations, but also more anxiety, worry, and vexation of spirit," and as to whom "it may well be questioned whether a few more innocent holidays might not render our people more gracious in their manners, more contented and cheerful in their lives." So far as the government, municipal and imperial, of these people is concerned, nothing short of South American anarchy could be more discomforting. At a Constantinople fire, for instance—and Mr. Benjamin mentions having heard five alarms in a single night, in which eighteen hundred houses were destroyed—the engines, three or four feet square, are carried to the spot by firemen who receive no other pay than that given by the house-owners, with whom "the bargain goes on amidst a vast deal of Oriental chaffing, and, ten to one, before an agreement is reached, the building in question has vanished into smoke and ashes." At Smyrna again, which is infested by brigands that sally from the neighboring Mount Sipylus, showing themselves freely in the streets, capturing citizens in their own grounds, holding them till ransomed, and even sending them notes of this sort: "Mr.— will find it to his interest to deposit six thousand piasters in such a spot by Thursday week. Disregard of this little request might prove prejudicial to his health," no effort is made to disperse them or even to apprehend their notorious accomplices in the city. "What would you have?" replies a victim to exhortations to action. "If I denounce well-known villains, I shall fall by the dagger or the bullet; I am not prepared to sacrifice myself for the public good, because, forsooth, the government is inefficient." Such as these examples suggest is the Turkish government, bankrupt and with a spendthrift as Sultan, while "brigandage, misrule, speculation, starvation, ruin, and perhaps depopulation, run riot throughout

the empire;" government officials whose pay is hopelessly in arrears and who indemnify themselves by pillaging the populace; virtue unrecognized in public men, and personal attractions, address, cunning, guile, the means of obtaining positions of honor. Yet even for this moribund empire Mr. Benjamin's large charity finds room for pity, as it does for the even more despicable Greeks. "One becomes weary sometimes," he says, "of hearing the Greeks constantly vilified;" and he proceeds to make what apology he can for them. Their vices, he argues, "have been fostered, if not begotten, by long ages of tyranny;" their alleged cowardice is disproved by the Cretan struggle; their moral rottenness is attributable to the dominion of the Greek Church, "a gross, inert, material hierarchy," more intolerant where it has power than Islamism; and for their material improvement with a successful issue of the Panhellenic movement he cherishes strong hopes, provided either the Church may be forced to a reform or may be entirely thrown overboard through the influence of the missionaries, of whose noble, though unappreciated, labors in Greece, as well as in Turkey, he makes a strong vindication. Mr. Benjamin has certainly said as much as in candor he could say in behalf of the Greeks, and proves, perhaps, that their degradation is no more hopeless than that of the degenerate branch of the Latin race which forms the subject of the remaining book on our list. But though he may awaken our pity, his own representations put it out of the question to entertain any feelings of which respect or admiration forms a part; and even in the case of the Cretans, strong as we may feel their claim upon Christendom to be, the chapter which he devotes to them makes it evident that in their own rapacity and greed, joined with their internal turbulence, treachery, jealousies, and discords, are to be found the causes of their present woes quite as much as in the strength of the Turkish yoke, which their valor, if unhampered by base qualities, would have sufficed to throw off long ago.

Mr. Hassaurek's description of life in South America is another work which has especial claims on our attention, and which satisfies its author's strict judgement that "no book should be written unless the author has something new to say, or unless he can present something already known in a new and original light." For some years he lived at Quito, where his position as United States minister afforded social and other facilities for familiarizing himself with the people, while its duties appear to have left him ample leisure to make excursions in all directions in quest of natural beauties and wonders, and of popular fêtes and religious observances, all which he scrutinized with intelligent interest. Beside his personal observations, which appear to have been confined to Ecuador, and indeed not to have extended to any great distance from Guayaquil and Quito, he appears to have been indefatigable in his researches into all the literature of South America and even into documents and official archives not accessible to the ordinary traveller or student. Thus, especially in his concluding chapter, which is devoted to a historical review of the Indian decline and the rise of the Spanish colonization, Mr. Hassaurek shows so very unusual a store of information about this generally ignored country and its forlorn republics that we hope this volume will receive the encouragement which he intimates will justify him in going on with a work on their history from the time of their War of Independence, with a view to which his materials were collected, but which grew upon his hands beyond the limits of the present work. Nevertheless we have no choice but to admit that Mr. Hassaurek has but strengthened our conviction that the Spanish-Americans are among the most utterly worthless and uninteresting nations that fancy themselves civilized, and that their history is but a bloody catalogue of revolutions that end, whenever possible, in a worse state of things than that which occasioned them. Mr. Howells and Mr. Benjamin describe to us races which we must regard with contempt, and, but for a strong exertion of charity, with aversion; but they have histories and associations that give them some claim upon our consideration, whereas for these degenerate Spaniards, especially those of the Pacific coast, worthless, incapable, indolent, arrogant, without enterprise or ambition or humanity, without regard for human law and with but a mass of vain superstitions by way of reverence for the divine—for them it is really out of the question to feel any other sentiment than one of gratitude that such hopeless and helpless communities are in an out-of-the-way corner of the world where we are unlikely to be brought in any contact with them. Mr. Hassaurek's feelings toward the Ecuadorians are kindly, for he was well treated and made friendships, and did not remain long enough to wear off the novelty of the scene; but his picture, evidently conscientiously exact and faithful, is a dreary one, and increases the

feeling of content, inspired by the sketches of the other Latin and the Eastern races, that our lot has been cast in an Anglo-Saxon community.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

WHATEVER may be the superiority, real or imaginary, which in the opinion of elderly folk attaches to bygone times, there can be no doubt that we have immeasurably the advantage over them in the matter of Christmas gifts, especially those, most valuable and appropriate, which come in the form of books. Without wishing to disparage the beautiful toys, in which great improvements are yearly perceptible, it must be conceded that no presents are so useful, profitable, and acceptable as books suited to the age and intelligence of the rising generation, and never did they appear in greater variety, beauty, and wealth of illustration than at the present time. Old friends whose absence "had been as a gap in our great feast" greet us in new dresses, and new candidates for favor appear in no less gorgeous attire. Among the former, none has a better claim to reproduction than Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Poems of Childhood*; their spiritual beauty, delicacy, and pathos are too well known and appreciated by our readers to require more than passing mention. The value of the book is enhanced by beautiful illustrations. *Fairy Bells* tell us most fanciful and pretty stories, long enough to interest young minds without wearying them. They are translated from the German, and as a matter of course run into allegory, and the illustrations—especially the last—are very good.

The line is not easily drawn between the gift books for the children and those for their elders, and it may be thought that the latter have quite as good a claim as the little ones upon *The Story Without an End*, which as a beautiful volume stands *facile princeps* among the juvenile publications and will suffer little by comparison with any of the pretty things the holiday season will see. The story itself is a charming one, being one of those beautiful combinations of allegory and fancy which rarely come to us but from the German; defying analysis, but generally describable as a prose poem in honor of the beauties of spring and the operations of nature, whose continuation, in the translator's words, "lies in a wide and magnificent book," to read which, "so as to discover all its beautiful meanings, you must have pure, clear eyes, and an humble, loving heart; otherwise you will complain, as some do, that it is dim and puzzling; or as others, that it is dull and monotonous." Quite worthy of the story they illustrate, and comprising for very many the chief value of the book and that wherein it differs essentially from all rival illustrated books, are the fifteen illustrations printed in oil. This is not art criticism and does not demand technical description, so it will suffice to say that, without the follies which come from the exaggeration of the principle, the pictures are among the most pleasing specimens of Pre-Raphaelitism we have seen, and can scarcely fail to disarm any but the most thorough-going opponents of the new lights. At any rate, we have never seen book illustrations out of which we have got more enjoyment than, after some study, we have from these. There is, to be sure, in one or two cases a *souppçon* of the faded-calico aspect of too remote Pre-Raphaelite pictures; but generally they are free from this and the other vices of the school; their grouping, coloring, fidelity, and detail of execution are exquisite; and altogether they are a treasure. To any one who loves puzzles and is capable of some patient scrutiny we commend especially the second of the pictures, "And the child cared nothing about the looking-glass."

In a very different style are Mr. Ernest Griset's inimitably funny illustrations of Mr. James Greenwood's (the "Amateur Casual") *Purgatory of Peter the Cruel*.¹ Whether author or artist deserves most praise, and will receive most admiration, it is impossible to say. The story grows out of what, so far as we know, is a thoroughly original conception; the pictures give the queerest insight into insect life, the funniest amalgamation of human traits and expression with those of the lower creatures. The story is of a hopelessly cruel boy, who has been sent to sea in consequence of his brutality, and who, falling from the top-mast in his efforts to torment a cockroach, injures his head and lapses into a delirious swoon or dream; during which, in the form of one species of insect after another, while still retaining his human reason, memory, and sensibilities, mingled with the corresponding qualities of beetle, blue-bottle, snail, ant, or newt, he undergoes tortures like those he has delighted in inflicting upon these creatures, until, being gradually purged by sad experience of his vices, he eventually

returns to human life. The whole is admirably told, with a fertility of invention, a fund of humor and satire, a wealth of detail suggestive of long-continued familiarity with insect domestic economy that make the production an entirely exceptional one among juvenile books; and all the writer's qualifications seem to have been caught in their fulness by the clever draughtsman; so that, when supplemented by such bookmaker's art as has been bestowed upon it, no more attractive holiday book could be given to a child.

Routledge's *Every Boy's Annual*² is not only a miscellany of original literature, but a collection of matter so instructive, narratives so interesting, games and sports so amusing, and adventures so novel and exciting, that we envy the boy to whom the wonders of the seven hundred and sixty pages are opened for the first time. The illustrations, particularly those of "The Waves and their Inmates," are beautifully executed. From the same prolific source we have a work of still greater value, *Every Boy's Book*,³ a complete encyclopedia of sports and amusements, and containing—we may safely say—information upon every subject, not included in scholastic studies, which a boy may need or desire to know. The changes which have occurred, and the number of new games which have been introduced since the original publication of this work twelve years ago, have rendered its revision absolutely necessary; it may, therefore, be said to be entirely re-written, with valuable additions by able and learned men and six hundred admirable illustrations.

A very excellent selection of narrative poetry of such poems as are, or are in time to be, standard popular favorites, is *The Child's Poetry Book*.⁴ There are verses in it which are nursery favorites, but there are more which are rather beyond the depth of very young children, who will enjoy them for all that, and very many of those which we all remember as far back as our memory extends and which we can never outgrow. To instance at random from the somewhere less than two hundred titles, we find Wordsworth's *Alice Fell*, Southey's *Blenheim*, *Lucaspe Rock*, and *Ruth Gelert*, Scott's *Allen-a-Dale* and *Lockhart*, Macaulay's *Spanish Armada*, Burns's *Bannockburn* and *John Barleycorn*, Gay's *Black-eyed Susan*, Campbell's *Hohenlinden* and *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, Charles Kingsley's *Three Fishers*, Tennyson's *May Queen* and *Charge of the Light Brigade*, with *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, *Casabianca*, *The Children in the Wood*, *Robin Hood*, *The Friar of Orders Grey*, *John Gilpin*, and others of like degree, none of which are too much beyond the grasp of any but the very little ones to occasion more than a healthful intellectual stimulus. The paper and large print are of the best, and the seventy illustrations, something more than a dozen of which are full-page and printed in gay oil color, make an exceedingly pretty little volume which may be given to a child with the certainty that the pleasure it affords will be equalled by its good influence in the formation of the taste.

The nursery claims its periodical literature as well as the parlor, and in consequence we have a magazine entitled *The Children's Hour*,⁵ the numbers of which for the past year are bound up in two prettily illustrated volumes. The selections are made with care, and among them are some graceful little poems by Alice Cary and her sister Phoebe, Kate Sutherland, and others; *Pleasant Words*—a really pleasant little chapter—by Ada M. Kennicott; and a plentiful allowance of severe moral teaching administered through the medium of naughty boys and girls, whose terrible example is meant for a warning to evil-doers. Of course such stories have their uses; but grown people should not forget that the spirit of cheerfulness belongs to children, is theirs by right, and that their little hearts will scarcely be strengthened for future struggles, or their little minds become properly balanced, by looking at life only in the gloomiest aspect.

*The Child's Country Story Book*⁶ is a collection of eight stories, illustrated with as many extremely pretty large colored prints, of rustic children and farm animals. The book is of slightly aspect and the tone of the stories is healthy, but in his effort to make them simple the author has imparted to them that puerility of style which children, with perfect propriety, indignantly resent.

The *Copsley Annals*⁷ afford us a picture of a happy, well-regulated family, in which the family affections are cultivated, and that pleasant mingling of seriousness and gaiety prevails which enables each one to meet and confront earthly troubles, to strengthen those who need a helping hand, and to enjoy all the pleasure which good taste approves and common sense sanctions. There is scarcely any book so acceptable to a boy as one containing a narrative of thrilling adventure; the youthful

reader at once shakes hands with the hero, enters into all his feelings, occasionally assumes his position to be his own, and sympathizes or censures his acts, according to the bent of his own mind. There is an originality about the proceedings of young *Alexis the Runaway*¹¹ which is particularly interesting, and his perils by land and water, his persistent courage, his boyish errors and atonement, will render him a favorite with many little boys, and girls too. The story of *Netty and Her Sister*¹² is told with such an appearance of truth, the incidents are of such frequent occurrence in our daily life, and the characters so natural, that we scarcely need the assurance, which is given at the beginning of the volume, that they are drawn strictly from life. To many readers this is a great recommendation.

Side by side with the study of the classic models of courage and virtue immortalized by the eloquence of Livy and the profound philosophy of Sallust—whose greatness Montaigne cynically observes is "magnified by distance"—it is well that the youth of the country should keep ever before his eyes the example of that exalted courage, supported by religious principles, that pious magnanimity and unwavering perseverance, that purity of life, superiority of intellect, and Christian humility which distinguished the Father of his Country. *The American Boy's Life of Washington*¹³ is in all respects suited to this purpose, and the task of preparing the work adapted to the comprehension of young persons has been ably performed by Mrs. Hyde. She treats of a period which may be essentially considered the heroic age of America.

*Thrilling Incidents in American History*¹⁴ is the production of a clear-headed, well-informed man; it gives us an abstract of important events from the time of Columbus, and it draws an instructive picture of the self-discipline, courage, zeal, and cheerful activity with which our forefathers executed labors more trying and perilous than any which could be allotted to men of the present day. The style is simple and appeals to the intellect of those for whom it is intended.

Climbing the Rope and *Billy Grimes's Favorite*¹⁵ both belong to the "Helping-Hand Series;" they are stories particularly suited to children who have been deprived of the advantage of education, and to whom sound lessons of duty, obedience, and moral responsibility may be imparted through the attractive medium of entertaining but not highly polished fiction.

The humorous element seems to be mainly confined to the nursery and Miller's *Nursery Picture Book* with one hundred illustrations,¹⁶ a large number of which represent cats in the most comical and varied situations, whose adventures are as laughable as are their pictures. The headlong career and woful ending of "precocious piggy" is already familiar to all readers who owe a debt of gratitude to the late Thomas Hood for his many contributions for the amusement of the children whom he loved so well. A short preface is appended by his daughter, who bears affectionate testimony to her father's delight in the merry face of childhood. A companion to this for still younger children, *My New Picture Book*,¹⁷ with ninety illustrations, contains the time-honored story of *Cock Robin*, *The Fox and the Geese*, and *The House that Jack Built*. The pictures are bright and suited to tiny baby eyes.

*Little Red Riding Hood*¹⁸ and *The Three Bears*¹⁹—which we have an impression that we cannot quite account for is by Hans Christian Andersen, but which appears here in a phraseology varied from that in which we have known it—are large, card-covered editions of these nursery classics, admirably printed in a type that is almost gigantic, and with a large, spirited print, also in oil colors, to correspond with each page of reading—half-a-dozen, that is, to either story. *The New Tale of a Tub*²⁰ gives, in a large music-book-shaped pamphlet, with the same number of oil prints, which, without disparagement to the last, are of a higher style of execution, the story of the two Bengalese attacked, while picnicking, by a tiger, which they get under their barrel and, drawing his tail through the bung-hole, tie a knot in it. We are not quite certain how generally diffused this story may be, though, beginning with a series of magic-lantern pictures, it has been presenting itself to us in diverse shapes from childhood. At any rate, although its doggerel rhyme might be better and some of its bad poems advantageously dispensed with, the story is extremely funny and is always listened to by youngsters with breathless, half-awed delight, while it possesses the further advantage of having hardly less amusement for the

¹¹ *Alexis the Runaway*. By Mrs. Rosa Abbott Parker. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.

¹² *Netty and Her Sister*; or, *The Two Paths*. By the author of *Phil Kennedy*. New York: American Tract Society. 1867.

¹³ *The American Boy's Life of Washington*. By Mrs. Anna M. Hyde. New York: James Miller. 1868.

¹⁴ *Thrilling Incidents in American History*. By J. W. Barber. The same.

¹⁵ *Climbing the Rope*. By May Manning. *Billy Grimes's Favorite*. The same. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1868.

¹⁶ *Miller's Nursery Picture Book*. With 100 illustrations by Bennett and others. New York: James Miller.

¹⁷ *My New Picture Book*. With 90 illustrations. The same.

¹⁸ *Little Red Riding Hood*. London and New York: George Routledge and Sons. 1868.

¹⁹ *The Three Bears*. The same.

²⁰ *The New Tale of a Tub*. The same.

¹ *Poems of Childhood*. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. With illustrations by Hennessy and Thwaites. New York: James Miller. 1867.

² *Fairy Bells*. Translated from the German by S. W. Lander. Boston: Horace B. Fuller. 1868.

³ *The Story without an End*. From the German of Carove. By Sarah Austin. With illustrations printed in colors after drawings by E. V. B. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1868.

⁴ *The Purgatory of Peter the Cruel*. By Ernest Griset. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1868.

⁵ *The Children's Hour*. A Magazine for the Little Ones. In two volumes. Edited by T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: T. S. Arthur & Son. 1867.

⁶ *The Child's Country Story Book*. By Thomas Miller. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1868.

⁷ *Copsley Annals*. Preserved in *Proverbs*. By the author of *Village Missionaries*. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1868.

grey beard whose education has been so neglected that he hears it for the first time.

With delight we renew our acquaintance with one whose name must ever be loved and honored among us, dear Catherine Sedgwick. Her kind and genial nature overflowed with love and sympathy for all humanity, young and old. Mr. Miller does well in republishing *Charlie Hathaway and Other Stories*²¹ for young folk, from the pen of this amiable and gifted lady, whose good English would alone suffice to establish her superiority over many of those who write for children. It is very wrong to suppose that anything will do for the little ones, and scarcely less than criminal to accustom their infant eyes and ears to inelegant and ungrammatical expressions. A story by the author of *Sandford and Merton*—in whose history our grandparents delighted—is certain to be acceptable, and *Little Jack*²² will be no less a favorite than his predecessors. *Uncle John's Story Book*²³ and *Chit-Chat*²⁴ are both "short tales in short words," and admirably adapted to those very little readers who have but recently mastered the difficulties of the alphabet.

Mr. Miller's *Country Book*²⁵ is a fascinating book for boys, replete with graceful descriptions, attractive engravings, and good common sense. This is to the common run of lad's hand-books what *Izaak Walton* or the sketches of the Farmer of Bechwood is to light literature in general. Many of the sketches are exceedingly quaint and pleasant, and the book is altogether one that parents who care for the intellectual growth of their children in wholesome, genial, and elevating directions should be glad to place in their hands.

*The Boys of Bechwood*²⁶ is a very pleasant youth's story of English country life, exhibiting a great variety of incident, an unexceptionable moral, and a good deal of cleverness in marking out contrasts of juvenile and adult character. Mrs. Eiloart is establishing quite a reputation in this particular department, and her present little work is quite worthy to take rank with its predecessors.

A story of African travel, founded upon historical and geographical verities, is for obvious reasons of considerable value.²⁷ The narrative is written in unexceptionable English, and recent events give it great interest. Fictions like this are useful, since they have the effect to fix in the youthful mind useful information which in the ordinary course of study is much more likely to escape it. This volume is nicely illustrated and, like all Messrs. Routledge's books, carefully printed.

LIBRARY TABLE.

MEDIEVAL HYMNS. I. *The Hymn of Hildebert, and Other Medieval Hymns. With translations.* By Erastus C. Benedict. New York: Anson D. F. Randolph. 1867.—II. *The Heavenly Land. From the De Contemptu Mundi of Bernard of Morlaix, Monk of Cluny (XII. century). Rendered into corresponding English Verse.* By Samuel W. Duffield. The same.—If the dark ages left us no other legacy, we are at least indebted to them for the finest hymns of the Christian faith. English hymn-writers have found in these old monkish chronicles a mine of wealth which they have industriously worked and, in translation, paraphrase, or plagiarism, served up their treasures for the edification and solace of the faithful. Their paraphrase has usually been more successful than their translation; the best of the medieval hymns are so concise in expression, so pregnant with thought, as to make it extremely difficult to do them justice in anything like a corresponding number of English verses. Certainly Gorham's paraphrase of the *Dies Ire* and Dr. Neale's *Jerusalem the Golden*, though distant enough, come nearer to the spirit of their originals than any more faithful rendering that we have seen. Indeed, the *Dies Ire* and the *De Contemptu Mundi* may be deemed almost, if not quite, beyond the ability of the English language to render in corresponding lines, preserving the same peculiarities of metre, rhythm, and rhymes throughout. The latter is in its metrical construction so difficult as to make its author assert that without "inspiration and intelligence from on high he would not have dared to attempt an enterprise so little accorded to the powers of the human mind." Yet, as an exercise of ingenuity, Mr. Duffield's version is entitled to considerable praise, even though it fails to give any adequate idea of the strength and beauty of its original. Take, for instance, the grand lines,

"O sine luxibus, O sine luctibus, O sine lite,
Splendida curia, florida patria, patria vite!
Urbs sine luctu, turris et edita littore tuto,
Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo,—canto, saluto;"

we shall find the sonorous melody and rapid sweep of the Latin utterly lost in Mr. Duffield's English, which is yet as good a piece of translation as we can pick out from the whole:

²¹ *Charlie Hathaway, and other Stories.* By Catherine M. Sedgwick. The same.
²² *The History of Little Jack.* By Thomas Day. The same.
²³ *Uncle John's Story Book.* By the author of *Always Happy.* The same.
²⁴ *Chit-Chat.* By the author of *Always Happy.* The same.
²⁵ *The Boy's Own Country Book.* Descriptive of the seasons and rural amusements. By Thomas Miller. With 140 illustrations. London and New York: George Routledge & Sons. 1868.
²⁶ *The Boys of Bechwood.* By Mrs. Eiloart. The same.
²⁷ *The Young Nile Voyagers.* By Anne Bowman. The same.

"O then secure from sin, whom tears endure not in—then without striving;
Land of the rarest grace, country of fairest face,—ever surviving!
Sion renewed and vast, thy towers are found at last on safe location;
Search for thee, care for thee, love, hope, and prayer for thee, is my vocation."

It cannot be denied, however, that Mr. Duffield's attempt is remarkably ingenious and far closer to the Latin than we imagined possible. This theory of the dactylic nature of the rhymes, as set forth in the preface, is undoubtedly the true one, and has without question assisted him in overcoming much of the difficulty. Of the Latin translation of Charlotte Elliott's hymn, *Just as I Am*, which closes this very elegantly printed little volume, we shall follow Mr. Duffield's tardy wisdom in saying nothing, except to suggest that *condonans* can scarcely be made an amphimacer. Our criticism of what seemed a most scandalous blunder—the entitling the dedicatory lines, *De Hic Poema*—we are glad to erase: the blunderer was the printer, who omitted a comma between *hic* and *poema*.

Mr. Benedict is not more successful in his versions of the *Dies Ire* than Mr. Duffield in his translation of Bernard of Cluny's hymn, though the structural difficulty is less. But the *Dies Ire* is hardly a fair standard by which to judge of a translator's merits, and in some of the various other hymns which are included in this dainty volume Mr. Benedict shows to better advantage. *The Hymn of Hildebert* is perhaps the best. His rendering of the *Pange Lingua Honori* does not gain in strength by having an additional double rhyme introduced which is not in the original. Mr. Benedict's translations are generally faithful and sometimes felicitous; his endings are often particularly good. He has gone in his selections somewhat out of the beaten track and the book is not more interesting for the English versions than for the original hymns which are printed in black-letter to face them, and some of which are extremely fine—Hildebert's hymn, and the one, *De Passione Domini*, particularly so. Here too we find the old hymn *De Die Judicii*, which is supposed to contain the germ of the *Dies Ire*, and another *De Contemptu Mundi*, in less complex metre than Bernard's, ascribed to Jacopore.

Christian Lyrics; chiefly Selected from Modern Authors. With upward of one hundred engravings. New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1868.—To seekers of gift books, *Christian Lyrics* will doubtless commend itself by the beauty of its execution, the abundance of its illustrations, and the unexceptionableness of its poetry. The book might make a more acceptable present if the lists of contents and illustrations were less carefully distributed through the body of the work by the binder; though, perhaps, the only copy we have seen is unique in its imperfection, and we are wrong to apply the rule *ex uno disce omnes*. Then, too, as no one by any chance ever reads a gift book at all, we dare say it makes no great difference.

Golden Thoughts from Golden Fountains. London: Frederick Warne & Co.; New York: Scribner, Welford & Co. 1867.—In the same spirit which made Luther declare that the devil should not have all the good tunes, we rejoice to see that he no longer monopolizes the services of the ablest pencils. "Keepsakes" and "Annals" bound in red silk used to be the only things of beauty on which our hungry eyes were fed, and save some conjectured portraits of "Women of the Bible," or terrific representations of the emptying of the seven vials, our Sunday tables were bare of anything calculated to allure a wandering fancy from purely secular reading. Such a book as *The Golden Thoughts* shows very plainly the requirements of modern taste, in the perfect harmony of every page, in the fitness of delicate illustration and beautiful thought. The selections of prose and verse have been made in a judiciously catholic spirit, and the quaint English of the older writers adds its serious tone of exhortation to the tender modern feeling of Adelaide Proctor and Christina Rossetti. The name of Dalziel stands sponsor for the engraving of the illustrations, and they are worthy of the reputation the owner of that name has earned. Some of them—that, for instance, accompanying the line "What though my bed be not my grave"—are very skillfully executed; while the "Doves," which head Elizabeth Browning's exquisite verses, and the plates called "Charity" and "Love" are most graceful in design. The book is beautifully printed, and worthy of all praise both from a literary and an artistic point of view.

The Lovers' Dictionary: A Poetical Treasury of Lovers' Thoughts, Fancies, Addresses, and Dilemmas. Indexed with nearly Ten Thousand References as a Dictionary of Compliments and Guide to the Study of the Tender Science. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867.—Whoever may be the individual whose identity is hidden behind the modest initials, "J. H.," he, she, or it has certainly earned the gratitude of all true, or indeed all untrue, lovers to the end of time. One of the most embarrassing things in the study of what "J. H." gracefully calls the tender science is the murmured request, which is sure to come at an early stage of the delusion, to write some sweet verses in that inevitable album which Arabella is sure to have. Unless one happens to be a poet or, what

is much the same thing, a lover of poetry, Arabella is likely to be disappointed, and the most untoward consequences may possibly result. But here is a perfect treasury of album verses for all possible occasions. There are lines to Amanda and Amy and Anne, to Beatrice and Barbara, to Celia and Caroline and Catharine, to Delia and Ellen and Fanny—the book is equal to every alphabetical emergency. There are lines with bouquets and lines with songs, lines about gloves and fans and earrings and cane-bottomed chairs, about almost everything, in fact, that affection could hit upon as an appropriate present. Then there are ever so many lines to ever so many ladies in every conceivable situation in life: lines to a lady on her birth-day and lines to a lady on her death, lines to a lady going out of town in the spring and lines to a lady going to bathe in the sea, lines to proud ladies and fair ladies, to sad ladies and glad ladies, to kind ladies and cruel ladies, to thin ladies and fat ladies, to coy ladies and sleepy ladies, to maid and wife and widow; even, by some ungallant wretch, lines to that impossible creature, a handsome young lady who talked too much. Nor are those individual beauties on which lovers dote less profusely praised. There are ten poems about arms, twenty-two about blushes, fourteen about bosoms, eighteen about breasts, twelve about brows; cheeks are celebrated forty-four times, ears but thrice; eyes, as might be expected, nearly two hundred times; faces about forty times, hair as many more; hands come in for only twenty-seven allusions, while hearts rejoice in two hundred and fifty; kisses are sung about fifty times and lips about forty; mouths are unworthily dismissed with a couple of mentions and necks with half-a-dozen; the nose has to content itself with one brief laudation, unless we may consider the ode to a certain pepper-nosed dame mentioned in the index as another; tears are honored with seventy places and tresses with ten. This hasty summary will serve to give a partial idea of the almost inexhaustible treasures of a book which no lover can afford to do without.

Pieces of a Broken-down Critic, Picked up by Himself. Four volumes. Baden-Baden: Scotznöwsky. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.—This is a very curious and, to our minds, a very interesting collection. To say that the writing in it is unequal is not to detract from its interest. Writing which is done at various times extending over a space of twenty years is apt to be unequal; and a man able to write up to the mark of *Fraser and Blackwood* (of the old time) and down to the mark of *Porter's Spirit*, can scarcely be expected to exhibit uniformity of style. The subjects, moreover, treated in these volumes are so exceedingly diverse as of themselves to necessitate in their discussion a certain air of heterogeneousness. Disquisitions on the Greek Historians, translations from George Sand, imitations of Theocritus, essays about eating and drinking, scraps from the *Nibelungenlied*, articles from literary journals, personal letters to politicians, criticisms of Cooper, Tennyson, Thackeray, Clough, and Grattan, somewhat egotistical passages introducing under pseudonyms the author and his friends—all these are here jumbled up together to make as thorough an *olla podrida* of a book as we remember to have seen. Many of the articles are well worth preserving, and some few not worth it at all. The masculine sense and forcible diction displayed in the *Letter to the Hon. Horace Mann* contrasts oddly enough with the puerility of some of the lighter papers. We fancy, however, that it was the author's intention to show himself as he is, or has been, without alteration or reserve, and as the dates of his productions are in each case affixed to them, the reader can judge for himself the story they tell of intellectual progression. It is easy to see that the "broken-down critic," as he modestly calls himself, is a gentleman in blood and feeling, a good linguist, a close observer, and a fair logician. It is also easy to see that he might have been a closer and better writer, if necessity instead of taste had led him into print. He has in him the making of a first-rate journalist, but circumstances have conspired to make him instead a desultory essayist. There is a good deal of moral courage in some of these papers; a quality displayed in matured and compact form in *The Interference Theory of Government*, which it is not indelicate to say has lately been published by the same author. If America had a great many more leisurely and cultured men above or beyond either the need or the inclination to flatter the crowd, and both able and willing to write the truth as they see it about our national institutions and progress, it would be a happy thing for the country. Unfortunately, there is—or has always been—such direct discouragement or such ungenerous reception for efforts of this sort that it is little wonder our author is in a manner *sui generis*, standing almost alone of his kind. Truth is a distasteful morsel for democracy to swallow, and so long as the prophets are stoned who bring it, it is natural that prophecy should go out of fashion.

There is no doubt, however, that the general upheaval and readjustment of our social system enforced by civil war has of late stimulated independence of thought among us, and justifies the hope that we may perhaps outlive or outgrow the reproach of De Toqueville. If this hope be not too sanguine, men like our "broken

down critic," if they will come out of their caves and hiding-places, have a useful future before them. We have read this book through with a great deal of pleasure, and when we say that the general conclusion to which its perusal has led us is, that its author can if he chooses produce something much more useful and worthy than aught that it contains, we do not mean the criticism to be construed as one of disparagement.

Ye Legends of St. Gwendoline. With eight photographs by Addis, from drawings by John W. Ehninger. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son. 1867.—Medieval legends may be regarded as monuments of the religious thought of the times which gave them birth; the more wonderful the tale, the more authentic it was believed to be. They were sometimes poetical, always picturesque, and with the miracles and visions—those useful expedients by which important events were carried on or explained—descriptions of court pageants and domestic history were so often interwoven as to afford a distant glimpse of the manners of our forefathers in remote times. St. Gwendoline was born on the feast of the Virgin, "a fayre and goodlie childe," who was sent in answer to the good king her father's prayers, and who received her teachings at the Abbaye of St. Guldde. So beautiful and so filled with wisdom was the lady that her father gave her a realm of her own, and so wondrous was her repute that Merlin came from the court of King Arthur to behold her. Of course she had many suitors, but yet would she none of them. At last she had a dream, wherein she beheld a knight in bright armor:

"And when ye turnment was done, hee lifted his visor, and hee had a fayre and gracious visage, and a voyce said in her dreame, 'Him will yee love, Queene Gwendoline, and none other.'"

The legend then proceeds to tell us how that the lady soon after this was invited to a tournament at King Arthur's court, and that she there beheld the hero of her dream; and then the sad circumstances are "pleasantly" narrated which made her passion for the knight hopeless of return, and how she was "woefully" beset, and how she had a vision, and after long and severe struggles finally yielded to religion, and, resigning her splendor and riches for the cloister, she resolved to build "a grayte abbaye and nunry soe that there may bee none like it."

The author has very quaintly and successfully imitated his old time models both in style and spirit, and has afforded the artist excellent opportunities for displaying the artistic and decorative side of religion, such as are abundantly furnished by mediæval legends.

From the accomplished pencil of Ehninger we have eight graceful and imaginative designs, which are skillfully photographed by Addis, and furnish an evidence of the excellent uses to which this process may be applied. Among the fruits of the great religious movement which has lately awakened so much attention here and in Europe not the least noteworthy is the revival in religious art, contrasting strangely with the indifference evinced on the subject by men of taste in the last century, and no greater evidence of this exists than in the wonderful improvement which has taken place in the art of illumination, of which the title-page to this volume affords a most beautiful specimen. The highest commendation is due to those who have shown such taste and skill in getting up this most attractive work. A more desirable gift book of its kind could scarcely be found.

Vivien. By Alfred Tennyson. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. New York: George Routledge & Sons.—It is scarcely possible, even if it were desirable, to criticise an artist whose successive works are so continually in advance of their predecessors that the world is at a loss whether most to admire the fertility of his genius or its expansiveness. With each new subject that he treats Doré's great capacity seems to enlarge, until it is scarcely possible to recognize the hand which drew the grotesquely powerful diableries of the *Contes Drolatiques*, in the noble woods and stormy atmosphere of those scenes wherein Merlin and Vivien work out the strangest episode of mystical romance that ever poet attempted to revivify. Both the writer and the artist have striven with all the force of their genius to overcome the instinctive feeling of aversion to such a subject, and they are immortalized in the effort. But while their art commands our admiration we are always tempted to turn from the humiliation of the philosopher and the vile triumph of Vivien, to lose ourselves in descriptions of the pageantry of Arthur's court and the beauty of the fair enchanted land in which he held it, and to realize these descriptions so entirely in the wonderful woods drawn by M. Doré's pencil that the human interest seems to fade away. The extraordinary force of the dramatic element in the great Frenchman's genius is sufficient to impart life and action to every inanimate object. The trees are perfect trees, but every boll is strained as if by some magic convulsion, every branch quivers with mysterious excitement, every vista in the deep wood is filled with some inexplicable and unseen presence that renders the human figures quite secondary and unimportant. In the ride of the party through the forest that mysterious dwarfing of humanity does not occur, but the horse then gallops boldly over the fallen trees and the fresh wind

shakes the pines overhead. But in Vivien's snake-like presence nature looks menacing and man contemptible, until the final abasement is reached, and we recognize the touch that caricatured the monks of the middle ages in the almost ridiculous helplessness of Merlin's attitude in the last scene. That out of the dim traditions of the past a poet and an artist, of different nationalities, have wrought scenes of human interest that are living and can touch us like the events of real life, is the triumph of a genius that belongs to no country and no age, but shall live to teach and lead mankind as long as there are imaginations to be awakened by the influence of literature and art.

Faye Mar of Storm Cliff. By Sarah J. Pritchard. New York: Wynkoop & Sherwood. 1868.—This is one of those novels whose effect on the reader it is hard to trace to any adequate cause. The critic begins it with a grimace and proceeds on in momentary expectation of having to lay it down with a yawn, but is amazed to discover at the end that he has been interested when by all analogy he should have been bored. Yet it is not easy to tell wherein exactly the interest lies. The story is good but somewhat clumsily told, and one is constantly divided between surprise at the many good points the author misses and amazement at the few she hits. A worse writer might have told it better; that is to say, one with less talent but more art. Miss Pritchard does not lack talent, but she does seem to be wanting in observation, in practice, in consecutiveness, in appreciation of motive, in dramatic conception. Her delineations are sometimes telling enough, but they are awkwardly handled and the characters badly posed. Perhaps the absence of motive is the most distressing feature of the book. There is little apparent reason, if not for David Chester's sudden love for Faye Mar, whom he takes for a little girl, at least why Mrs. Chester should so speedily and bitterly hate Faye, and less for her attempt to marry Major Mar; none at all for the man Isaac's sudden devotion to David Chester's wife. As for David himself, his conduct is pitiable in the extreme, and we find it hard to excuse Faye for ever going back to him after his silly and irresolute behavior. Mrs. Chester is so revolting as to be unnatural for all purposes of fiction; for we hold that no type of character is suitable for fiction which is so extreme as to seem unnatural to the majority of readers. Doubtless mothers-in-law make themselves disagreeable enough to their sons' wives, but not often we fancy in the peculiarly stupid way in which Mrs. Chester chooses to manifest her malevolence. And the conduct of all the characters in rushing out into the rain and the night on the slightest provocation, to manifest their approbation by sitting on the Storm Cliff and taking severe colds in the head, is idiotic beyond expression. However, as we have said, the story is interesting, though it almost seems as if it were so in spite of the author, and will repay perusal even by others than the Christian families whose attention a somewhat peculiar preface so earnestly invokes.

The Story of Waldemar Krone's Youth. By H. F. Ewald. Translated from the Danish. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1868.—A translation from the Danish may be regarded as a literary exploit deserving no little credit, and entitling the industrious scholar to the thanks of a large majority of readers, to whom he opens an avenue of communication with the literature of a people further removed from us intellectually than the ancients; for the language of Denmark is not taught in schools, nor is Copenhagen included in the "grand tour"—which, when having made, we consider that we have done up Europe.

The popularity acquired by this work in the author's own country warrants us in believing it to be a faithful portraiture of life and manners among the Danes, to whom, judging by Mr. Ewald's writing, romance and poetry are equally foreign; and who, if they have any sense of humor, have likewise a happy faculty of keeping it all to themselves. Nothing can be more dull and prosy than the life of the hero in this very simple and unquestionably moral story; and we by no means sympathize with the selfishness which leads him to forsake the true-hearted and devoted Ida for the brilliant countess, who in turn casts him off for a more attractive rival. Ida is by far too good for the graceless Waldemar, but the author evidently does not think so, and concludes his story in the old-fashioned way by making the twain as happy as such very stupid people are capable of being. The opinion we arrive at in reading the book is that the Danes are a highly estimable but not particularly lively people.

The Handy-Volume Shakespeare (in 13 vols.) New York: Henry M. Wynkoop. 1867.—We have had Shakespeares of all sizes and prices, Shakespeares of all manner of different editors and commentators, Shakespeares in many volumes and Shakespeares in one, but we have never seen the universal bard in more attractive shape than in this little set as turned out from the Bradstreet press and published by Mr. Wynkoop. One wants to put a volume directly in one's pocket and to wander out in the woods and fields, seeking a nook wherein to recline and read. The shape and size are convenient to a degree, the

paper good and prettily tinted, the type small but very legible. Altogether this "handy-volume Shakespeare" is the most tasteful, alluring, compact, and desirable little set that we have yet seen from the American press.

A New System of Infantry Tactics, Double and Single Rank. Adapted to American Topography and Improved Fire-arms. By Brevet Major-General Emory Upton, U.S.A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1867.—General Upton has here given us a system of infantry tactics based on the old drill of cavalry when dismounted. He considers four files as a unit and manœuvres it as directed for cavalry when mounted. And there is a very good reason for this radical change from the old system of Scott and Hardee. The cavalry system of manœuvring by fours does away with all the puzzling inversions, movements by which the rear rank becomes the front rank, and the inextricable confusion we have so often seen at annual militia drills. In the school of the soldier, the recruit is first put through a gymnastic drill to remove any stiffness or incorrect carriage that may have become habitual in his previous employment; next he is taught the salute and the necessity of saluting anybody he knows to be an officer, whether in uniform or not, as his first military duty. The manual of arms is conformed to the Springfield breech-loader; the tactics of squad, company, regiment, brigade, division, and corps are all treated in succession; and two appendices are added containing the forms for dress-parade, guard-mounting, and reviews, thus making this little treatise a complete guide to officer or soldier of every grade. The only blemish of the book is the bad engraving of the numerous cuts illustrating the letter-press.

One important advantage which this work seems to possess is the easy application of its system to all arms of the service, with such slight modifications as become necessary from the difference in the arms of cavalry, infantry, and artillery. General Upton would be doing a great service to the country if he would revise the bulky volume now purporting to be the authorized edition of cavalry tactics, and give the army as neat a compendium for cavalry as this is for infantry.

Mrs. Putnam's Receipt Book and Young Housekeeper's Assistant. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1867.—Although it may be somewhat difficult to determine what books should come strictly under the head of Christmas books, it must nevertheless be conceded that, at a season when mankind in general is given up to the pleasures of eating and drinking, the appearance of a cookery book in by no means inappropriate; so, when the good things of this life are abundantly provided for us, there are many who may with advantage consult Mrs. Putnam as to the best means of preparing them. Her directions are plain and practical, and are given with an equal regard to taste and economy.

Putnam's Magazine for January, 1868.—Mr. Putnam has received congratulations on the reappearance of his once so popular monthly, sufficiently numerous and cordial as, we should say, quite to satisfy him that his enterprise is likely to be a successful one. The fact that we urged him with earnestness some time ago to undertake it leads us to regard his acquiescence and its auspicious reception with much pleasure; and the circumstance that we do not purpose to treat the contents of the initial number with unmingled commendation does not detract from that pleasure. Compared with many magazines the number is indeed superlatively good; yet in view of the high standard which is creditably set up, there is an obvious propriety in measuring the attempt by such a standard rather than by those of others. We have already referred to the genial introductory sketches of Messrs. Curtis and Briggs, and have recognized the pleasant impression which they have made on the public mind. The third, by Mr. Denlow, we regret that we cannot praise. It is intended to be a comprehensive political history of the past thirteen years of our national life. It is, in fact, a merely partisan sketch, one-sided and by no means generous, and ill-calculated in every way to soften the asperities of the past, or conduce to reconciliation for the future. The wisdom of making the magazine a vehicle for sustaining the sinking fortunes of a party we cannot but regard as questionable, while admitting the value of Mr. Putnam's experienced judgement and his right to direct his policy in this as in other respects as may to him seem best. In point of taste, as well as policy, we should think a magazine written for the whole country rather than for a part of it would be preferable; especially as the field is already occupied, in a manner, by a leading magazine which serves as an exponent of New England Republicanism. The poem of Mr. Butler is humorous and characteristic, and Professor Dr. Vere's *Jewels of the Deep* is worthy of his pen. Mr. Cassery's poem is vigorous and tender while occasionally unequal, and, as a whole, it sustains his reputation as one of the most rising young writers of the day. The *Beginning of New York* is not without wit, although, remembering its obvious exemplar, the attempt is not deficient in temerity. The poems of Messrs. Duffield and Fawcett are worthy of honorable mention. Mr. Elliott's paper, *Life in Great Cities*, is instructive and interesting. Mr. Duyckinck's memorial of Dr. Hawks is a tender, manly

and well-written tribute to a noble Christian gentleman; and Mr. Tackerman's paper on *The Italian Question* is that of a man who knows whereof he writes and knows how to express it. The miscellanea of the number is carefully prepared and agreeably concludes a bill of fare selected, in most respects, with tact and in all, we doubt not, with conscientiousness. Of the fiction we must speak with more qualification. A large portion of the magazine is given up to a story called *The Carpenter*, written by Mr. W. D. O'Connor. Mr. O'Connor has a great deal of imagination and some power; but his style is sometimes extremely exaggerated and his overwhelming use of adjectives produces an effect the opposite of that which is aimed at. Under a very thin veil *The Carpenter* is evidently intended to represent an actual person for whom Mr. O'Connor's esteem and admiration lead him to claim a similitude—not to say identity—which implies irreverence, not to say blasphemy. We are not yet quite prepared to identify Mr. Walt Whitman with our Saviour, even under the potent inspiration of Mr. O'Connor, and the introduction of this extraordinary feature is a misfortune for *Putnam's* and its really clever contributor. The story called *Too True* opens agreeably, but promises no great strength or interest. With these observations and saving clauses, we have sincere gratification in adding our quota of praise to the first number of the new series of this celebrated magazine, and in expressing the hope that it will not only outshine the former series in literary merit, but far excel it in length of days.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- W. J. WIDDELTON, New York.—Tam O'Shanter. By Robert Burns. With illustrations by E. H. Miller. Photographed by Gardner. Pp. 28. 1868.
- LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.—Claudia. By Amanda M. Douglas. Pp. 381. 1868.
- Seek and Find; or, Adventures of a Smart Boy. By Oliver Optic. Pp. 304. 1868.
- Rosa Abbott Stories. Tommy Hickup; or, A Pair of Black Eyes. By Rosa Abbott. Pp. 254. 1868.
- Golden Truths. Pp. 245. 1868.
- G. W. CARLTON & Co., New York.—The Will-o'-the-Wisp: A Fable. Translated from the German by Miss Kitty L. Onstien. Pp. 152. 1868.
- Temple House: A Novel. By Elizabeth Stoddard. Pp. 347.
- J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—O-Ke-Ke-Pa: A Religious Ceremony; and other Customs of the Mandans. By George Catlin. With thirteen colored illustrations. Pp. 51. 1867.
- J. E. TILTON & Co., Boston.—Manners; or, Happy Homes and Good Society all the Year Round. By Mrs. Hale. Pp. 377. 1868.
- H. H. BANCROFT & Co., San Francisco.—Hvatt's Hand-Book of Grape Culture. By F. Hart Hvatt. Pp. 279. 1867.
- KELLY & PIET, Baltimore.—The Devotion to the Heart of Jesus. By John Bernard Dalgairns. Pp. 254. 1867.
- Selecta Fabulae ex Libris Metamorphoseon Publii Ovidii Nasonis, Notis illustratae. Pp. 123. 1867.
- WILLIAM FREEMAN, London.—The Fall of the Confederacy. By John Baker Hopkins. Pp. x. 96.
- MARTIN R. DENNIS & Co., Newark.—Poems. By Ellen Clementine Howarth. Pp. 112. 1868.
- HENCO & HOUTCHON, New York.—The Philosophy of Eating. By Albert J. Bellows, M.D. Pp. 312. 1867.
- D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Obstetric Clinic. By George T. Elliott, Jr., A.M., M.D. Pp. xiii. 458. 1868.
- JOHN P. MORTON & Co., Louisville, Ky.—A Manual of the Art of Prose Composition, for the Use of Colleges and Schools. By J. M. Bonnell, D.D. Pp. 329. 1867.
- DICK & FRYER, New York.—Spencer's Book of Comic Speeches and Humorous Recitations. By Albert J. Spencer. Pp. iv. 192.
- P. O'SHEA, New York.—The Holy Bible. Translated from the Latin Vulgate.
- The Life of Saint Francis of Assisi; and a Sketch of the Franciscan Order. By Very Rev. Pamfilo da Magliano, O.F.M. Pp. xvi. 674. 1867.
- The Spirit of St. Vincent de Paul; or, A Holy Model. Translated from M. Andre-Joseph Awarit. By the Sisters of Charity, Mt. St. Vincent, N. Y. Permisu Superiorum. Pp. xii. 462. 1867.
- HAMPER & BROS., New York.—The Huguenots; their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland. By Samuel Smiles. With an appendix relating to the Huguenots in America. Pp. 448. 1868.
- R. W. CARROLL & Co., Cincinnati.—The Far East. Illustrated with engravings, maps, etc. By N. C. Burt, D.D. Pp. viii. 386. 1868.
- A. SIMPSON & Co., New York.—The Principles and Practice of Laryngoscopy and Rhinoscopy in Diseases of the Throat and Nasal Passages. Illustrated. By Antoine Ruppner, A.M., M.D. Pp. xx. 153. 1868.
- T. B. PETERSON & BROS., Philadelphia.—The Widow's Son. By Mrs. E. D. E. Southworth. Pp. 649.
- G. P. PUTNAM & SON, New York.—Speeches, Correspondence, etc., of the late Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York. Edited, with a biography, by his brother, John R. Dickinson. In 2 vols. Vol. I. pp. xi. 743. Vol. II. pp. xxi. 719. 1867.
- E. H. BUTLER & Co., Philadelphia.—Elements of Physical Geography. By John Brocklesby, A.M., of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn. Pp. 164. 1868.
- ROBERTS BROS., Boston.—The Friendships of Women. By William Rounseville Alger. 1868.
- GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston.—Princess Ise. Translated from the German of L. Von Florennes. Illustrated. Pp. 81. 1867.

SHEET MUSIC.

- OLIVER DITSON & Co., Boston; C. H. Ditson & Co., New York.—(La Grande Duchesse.) "Yes, this night."
- The same. "Turn away."
- What Norah Said; or, The Reply of Norah O'Neal. Poetry by Arthur Mathieson. Music by W. F. Wellman, Jr.
- Serenade, Nocturne. For piano. By G. W. Marston.
- When Lovers say Good Night: Serenade. Words by George W. Birdseye. Music by J. L. Hutton.
- Piano-forte Bouidor, Evening Star.
- Rest, Darling, Rest. Lullaby. Music by E. Clarke Linsley.
- There is a Pair of Little Hands. Words by Dexter Smith. Music by M. Keller.
- My Own: Ballad. Written by Grace Horr. Composed by James Ernest Perring.
- Gather Flowers in the Summer-Time: Song. Written and composed by W. C. Baker.

PAMPHLETS.

- D. APPLETON & Co.—Oliver Twist. By Charles Dickens. Pp. 172.
- Nicholas Nickleby. By the same. Pp. 338.
- L. W. SCHMIDT.—Scientific Catalogue, Educational Catalogue, and Philological Catalogue.
- We have also received current numbers of Mme. Demorest's Monthly Magazine—New York; The American Naturalist—Salem, Mass.; The Chemical News.

LITERARIANA.

A DESPERATE internecine war, which English magazine writers, editors, and publishers have been waging for some weeks in the columns of *The Athenaeum* reveals a queer condition of the literary moralities among the censorious critics of American dealings such as deserves record. The signal for the conflict was given some two months ago by a Mr. Thomas Purnell, who told how he found one of his already printed magazine articles copied in another magazine; curious to know how it happened, he wrote to the publishers, whose answer in the first instance was to advise him to ask the printer; and, in reply to a second note, the information that, when "a short time ago, we had a peremptory demand of a similar nature," all that came of it was that "we carefully registered his (the author's) name and address, to beware of him in all future time as a contributor to any publication over which we have control." The next week, the publishers in question, Messrs. Houlston & Wright, replied in a pert note, intimating that the aggrieved author only sought to advertise himself, showing that they had not editorial control of the magazine, and that "it is no unusual practice with magazine proprietors to draft an article occasionally from one periodical to another." At this point another injured author, a Mr. Edwin Colfer, presents himself and says that some time ago (two years) he sent Messrs. Houlston & Wright a story in six chapters for the *St. James's Magazine*; that he tried in vain to learn its fate or to reclaim it; that months after he found the first instalment of it in *The London*, which is issued by the same publishers; that he wrote three times about it, but could get no reply; and that he means to take legal steps. Then the editor of *The London* comes forward and says that he got the manuscript along with a heap of others from a receiver in chancery; that the neglect was his and was due to inattention, and that he will explain satisfactorily to Mr. Colfer, and that Mr. Purnell's article was not "worthy the trouble he has given himself or the annoyance to the publishers." At the same time Messrs. Houlston & Wright say that Mr. Colfer is untruthful and uncivil; that till now they had never known of his existence; that he may rest assured that the fact of his story having appeared at all "is a convincing proof that we have no control over the editorial arrangements;" and, finally, that they have no time to write any more letters on this sort of subjects. Next comes a Mr. C. M. Smith with a somewhat different injury: He found in *The People's Magazine* an article which he had written and had printed in *The Leisure Hour* in 1857; that on enquiry he found it had been offered as original by a Mr. T. Stewart Robertson, of Edinburgh, and, writing to that person and taxing him with theft, he received an apologetic explanation that he had copied out the article for a friend interested in its subject (!) and inadvertently enclosed it with other copy sent to *The People's Magazine*; that, examining further, he ascertained that along with it had been sent another of his own articles, printed in *The Leisure Hour* in 1858; that he has detected in the same thing another Edinburgh gentleman, who pleaded poverty; "a dissenting parson's daughter," who said she expended the proceeds in charity, and enough others to bring the number into the teens. Finally—that is, as far as the matter has got in the last-reviewed *Athenaeum*—Mr. Moy Thomas, the editor of *Cassell's Magazine*, mentions that the article stolen from Mr. Smith had been offered to him and declined before its appearance in *The People's Magazine*, and that, beside this, Mr. Robertson, during the year, has offered him twelve other articles whose titles he appends for the benefit of editors and original authors. Mr. Reade's *Griffith Gaunt*, "Mr. Babington White's" *Circe*, and the unaccountably familiar articles we encounter once in a while in both English and American magazines, had given us an inkling of the existence of this sort of thing and an ever-present sense of the uncertainty of commending a periodical for the talent employed upon it; but we imagine these evidences of its extreme prevalence are in general an unexpected revelation.

MESSRS. WYNKOOP & SHERWOOD are hastening to completion for instant publication one of the most gorgeous of the holiday books. This is a treatise by Mr. Henry L. Hinton upon *Historical Costumes*, chiefly of the middle ages—"a period when society was divided and subdivided into orders and classes, secular and religious, to a degree never before witnessed, and when the rank and circumstance of life were denoted and decorated by every fashion of garb and device that a youthful fancy could invent." These costumes are illustrated in a large number of richly-colored prints, whose historic truth is attested by their being "selected from the great works of Bonnard, Herbi, Kretschmer, and others of equal authority," and in whose selection the editor has "given preference to those costumes that combine with the quaintness of the past an artistic grace and beauty, since, in the masquerade, people of taste will seek to reproduce not that which is simply grotesque, but that which is beautiful as well as novel." To such purposes, as well as those of the stage, Mr. Hinton as an actor has naturally had regard, while aside from their purely historical interest their value will be great to the artist. The work is to

be an *edition de luxe* in binding, typography, illustration,—a large-paper book, printed from a new and handsome type and with very tasteful initial letters designed for it.

MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. have in course of preparation *American Masonic Biography and Cyclopaedia of Free-masonry*, by Augustus Row, K.T.; *Sketches of Central Asia*, by Arminius Vambéry; *The Voice in Singing*, translated from the German of Emma Seiler; *The American Beaver and his Works*, by Lewis H. Morgan, with illustrations from photographs and original drawings; *Familiar Letters*, written during thirty years' service in the U. S. Army, by Maj.-Gen. Geo. A. McCall; *Man's Origin and Destiny*, Sketched from the Platform of the Sciences, by J. P. Lesley; *Our Children in Heaven*, by William H. Holcombe, M.D.; *Watson's Astronomy*, by Prof. James C. Watson; *The Philosophy of Mathematics*, with reference to geometry and the infinitesimal method, by Albert Taylor Bledsøe; and a new and revised edition of *The Farmer's and Planter's Encyclopedia of Rural Affairs*, illustrated by numerous engravings of animals, implements, and other subjects interesting to the agriculturist, by Cuthbert W. Johnson, Esq., F.R.S., etc., etc., and adapted to the United States by Gouverneur Emerson.

AN interesting class-journal and one no doubt invaluable to those it especially addresses, and which has hitherto been entitled *The Telegraphic Journal*, has now undergone transformation into a very neat little quarto, called *The Journal of the Telegraph*, which is to be issued in New York semi-monthly, under the editorship of Mr. James D. Reid, one of the officers of the Western Union Telegraph Company.

MR. HOWARD CHALLEN, of Philadelphia, is revising for 1868 the *Uniform Trade List Directory*, which we have described before, and has also in press an alphabetical catalogue of all American books published from January, 1866, to January, 1868.

MESSRS. D. APPLETON & Co. have commenced the publication of a twenty-five cent edition of Dickens. The first issue, *Oliver Twist*, which lies before us, fills a pleasant little pamphlet in small but legible new type.

THE first number of *Lippincott's Magazine* has reached us and will be discussed in our next number. It is prepossessing in appearance, being of a fashionable color not at all gingerbreadly, and beautifully printed. Now that Boston has its *Atlantic*, New York its *Putnam's*, and Philadelphia its *Lippincott's*, we trust to see an animated and healthful contest to see which shall make the best magazine.

MRS. HOWARTH'S poems, we are happy to announce are at last issued in a remarkably neat little volume, containing somewhere about fifty judiciously selected specimens, prefaced by a sketch of the peculiarly sad life of the author, by Mr. R. W. Gilder, the editor of the book, and on whom has fallen the brunt of the labor of seeing it through the press. We need not again repeat the circumstances of the publication further than to state that on its success largely depends the maintenance of the disabled poet, her blind husband, and their children. A number of New Jersey ladies have been indefatigable in securing enough subscribers for the work to provide for its first edition, and its publishers, Messrs. M. R. Dennis & Co., with rare generosity devote to Mrs. Howarth all the proceeds beyond the actual cost of the book. The demands of the holiday season defer a detailed examination of the verses, and in lieu of it we may simply state that their worth is quite sufficient to repay whoever shall contribute toward the success of the labor of love which has enlisted all who have had Mrs. Howarth's position brought before them. The volume, whose price is \$1 25, is on sale in New York by Messrs. C. Scribner & Co., James O'Kane, and Oakley & Mason; and may be ordered from Messrs. Dennis & Co., at Newark, N. J.

MR. CHARLES LANMAN has in the press of Messrs. Wynkoop & Sherwood a volume entitled *A Tourist's Miscellany*, the tours in question having been in this country.

MR. FRANCIS PARKMAN has in preparation two new volumes—to be entitled *The Discovery of the Great West* and *The French on the St. Lawrence in the Reign of Louis XIV.*—which are to continue the extremely interesting series commenced in *The Pioneers of France in the New World* and *The Jesuits in North America in the Seventeenth Century*.

THE REV. DR. JOHN MACLEAN, in consequence of physical infirmities, resigned last week the presidency of Princeton College, with which in various capacities he has been connected for half-a-century. Dr. MacLean is a learned and estimable man, but was addicted to a vexatious martinetism and fussiness which greatly impaired the discipline of the college as well as the respect of the students for the faculty.

IN their *Atlantic Almanac* Messrs. Ticknor & Fields give us what in this country is a novelty, and which, we suppose, is henceforth to be among the permanent features of the holiday season. It is in a way a Christmas number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and in its literary contents surpasses, while in mechanical execution it compares favorably with, English productions of like sort. Dr. Holmes and Mr. Donald G. Mitchell are its editors and prominent among its contributors, giving very

happy articles concerning the seasons, while the other reading matter is largely from the favorite contributors to the *Monthly*. The wood-cuts, which are abundant, are very tasteful and various and well executed, but the four full-page illustrations in oil, though good as early attempts and really pretty, constitute the weak spot of the whole, and cannot endure comparison with the similar specimens of art which are just now coming so abundantly from England in juvenile books and otherwise. Nevertheless, the literary excellence, so far above any standard we are wont to attach to an almanac, is sufficient to redeem the shortcoming in four out of the many pictures.

FRANZ BOPP's death, which we recently noted, has occasioned an interesting sketch in *The Athenæum* of his life and philological labors. Born at Mentz, in 1791, he was educated chiefly at Aschaffenburg, where his preceptor, K. J. Windischmann, developed his taste for the study of languages, especially of the Eastern languages. Soon he began to study them less for their literature than for their organism, and arguing that this was best to be traced nearest their birth, he applied himself to the most ancient, the Sanskrit and Zend. Going to Paris in 1812, he passed five years in studying, under the guidance of A. L. de Chézy, the Sanskrit, its great epics, and especially the *Mahā-Bhārata*, labors from which came the first intelligible and philosophical system of Sanskrit grammar as comprised in the works published by Bopp between 1824 and 1834. In 1816 he published at Frankfurt a brief treatise *On the System of Conjugation in Sanskrit, compared with that used in Greek, Latin, Persian, and German*, to which he added metrical translations of episodes of the *Rāmāyana* and the *Mahā-Bhārata*, this work being in some sense the germ of his great *Comparative Grammar*. The next year he passed in London, where he was invited to contribute the first article to *The Annals of Oriental Literature*, which he did in a paper of some sixty-five pages, chiefly an elaboration of that just named, and consisting of an analytical comparison, in proof of the original identity of the grammatical structure of the Sanskrit, Greek, and Teutonic languages; to this paper he owed in a great measure his appointment, in 1821, to a professorship of Oriental Literature and General Philology at the University of Berlin, from which, four years after, he was promoted to the professorship in the same university which he held for life, and whose active duties he only relinquished some six months ago. From this time he pursued his studies, writing, reading papers before the Royal Academy of Sciences, and publishing in parts, between 1833 and 1852, his *Comparative Grammar*, which he subse-

quently entirely rewrote, incorporating the results of philological investigations since its original completion and including the comparison of another language, the Armenian. This was the crowning work of a life uneventful otherwise than in the results of its great labors, and marked by the simplicity and gentleness so often characteristic of great scholars.

M. TERRIEN-PONCEL has just published in Paris an *Essai sur la Nature et l'Etude des Mots et des Langues* which, if we may judge from the accounts given of it, goes out of the beaten track of the multiplying and monotonous works on the science of language. Of course, beginning at the beginning, he had to go over old ground; but he shows familiarity with every important work on comparative philology, whether of French, English, or German publication, and brings out of them a terse and lucid statement of the results arrived at by philologists during the last half-century. On the classification of languages he is particularly strong, diverging from the prevailing idea that a genealogical classification will ultimately prevail. To a certain extent he grants its correctness; the modern languages of Europe, for instance, are clearly the children of Latin, Anglo-Saxon, and old German, and there is—one of the greatest discoveries in the science of language—plainly enough a relationship between Sanskrit, Persian, Slavonic, Celtic, Gothic, Greek, and Latin, all starting from a common source, as did also the Semitic tongues. Such a classification, ranging the languages by their origin and generic identity, would be, he grants, much the more perfect, but it is only possible for those whose history survives. This volume is apparently only preliminary to others in which the results of his studies will be more elaborately enforced, and M. Léon de Rosny, who introduces the maiden effort of the new author, expresses the hope in his introduction that the savans who read it "soient unanimes à l'encourager à poursuivre une carrière où il a si heureusement fait son entrée."

PROF. MAX MÜLLER's *Chips from a German Workshop*—which has just been published in two volumes, the one on the science of religion, the other on mythology, traditions, and customs—forms a part of the fruits of another life devoted to ardent Oriental pursuits. The title is explained by the incident of more than twenty years ago, when Baron Bunsen, informing Müller that he had persuaded the directors of the East India Company to provide the funds necessary for editing the *Rig-Veda*, added: "Now you have got a work for life—a large block that you will take years to plane and polish. But mind you, let us have from time to time some chips from your workshop." Essays, accordingly, have been

appearing in the reviews and other periodicals, from which the author makes these volumes, which he styles "gathering a few armfuls of chips and splinters, in order to clear the workshop for other work, now that the last two volumes of my *Rig-Veda* are passing through the press." Prof. Müller's work, we are assured by *The Imperial Review*, to which we are indebted for our information about it, is not one which need ruffle the sensibilities of the large number who have somehow got an idea that its author is unorthodox: his treatment is novel, but "honest and reverent and cautious." He argues that in time, when data enough have been gathered, there may be a science of religion, whose scientific study—i. e., genealogically—is made possible by the discovery of the *Veda*, as was that of language by the discovery of Sanskrit. To the suggestion of applying to religion the genealogical method, which has done such wonders in comparative philology, he lays claim; and in Brahminism and Buddhism and Zoroastrianism, all Aryan creeds, he finds, if we understand his position, a certain kinship to the faith of us who are of Aryan race. In all religions he discerns a yearning after the true though unknown God, and is sure not merely that by the comparative study of religions we shall strengthen our conviction of the immense difference between our own and all others, but that "few can know that difference who have not honestly examined the foundations of other religions as well as of their own." The book is evidently one which appeals to advanced students, yet we can readily accept the judgement that it contains much to interest all.

M. LOUIS MOLAND has written a work on Molière and Italian comedy in France, in which, comparing Molière's plays with those of his Italian predecessors and contemporaries, he shows not only whence he got his plots, but whole scenes taken by translation—even *Tartuffe* having been appropriated from the Italian comedy *L'Ipocrito*.

THOMAS FULLER's poems, collected from all his works, the shorter ones alone numbering 123, are to be published by subscription in England by the Rev. A. B. Grosart.

RICHARD BAXTER—another of the marked figures of the same stormy period and who survived to endure with saintly heroism the persecutions of the royal family whose restoration was too late to reward Fuller with the promised bishopric—is to be honored by the publication, by the same editor, of a posthumous book of his hitherto unknown, *The Grand Question Resolved—What must we do to be saved?* which is to be accompanied by a descriptive list of his writings. It is impossible not to reverence the author, but equally impossible to read his books.

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